

THE
SCHOOLE
OF
COMPLEMENT.

AS IT WAS ACTED
by her Majesties Servants at
the Private house in Drury Lane.

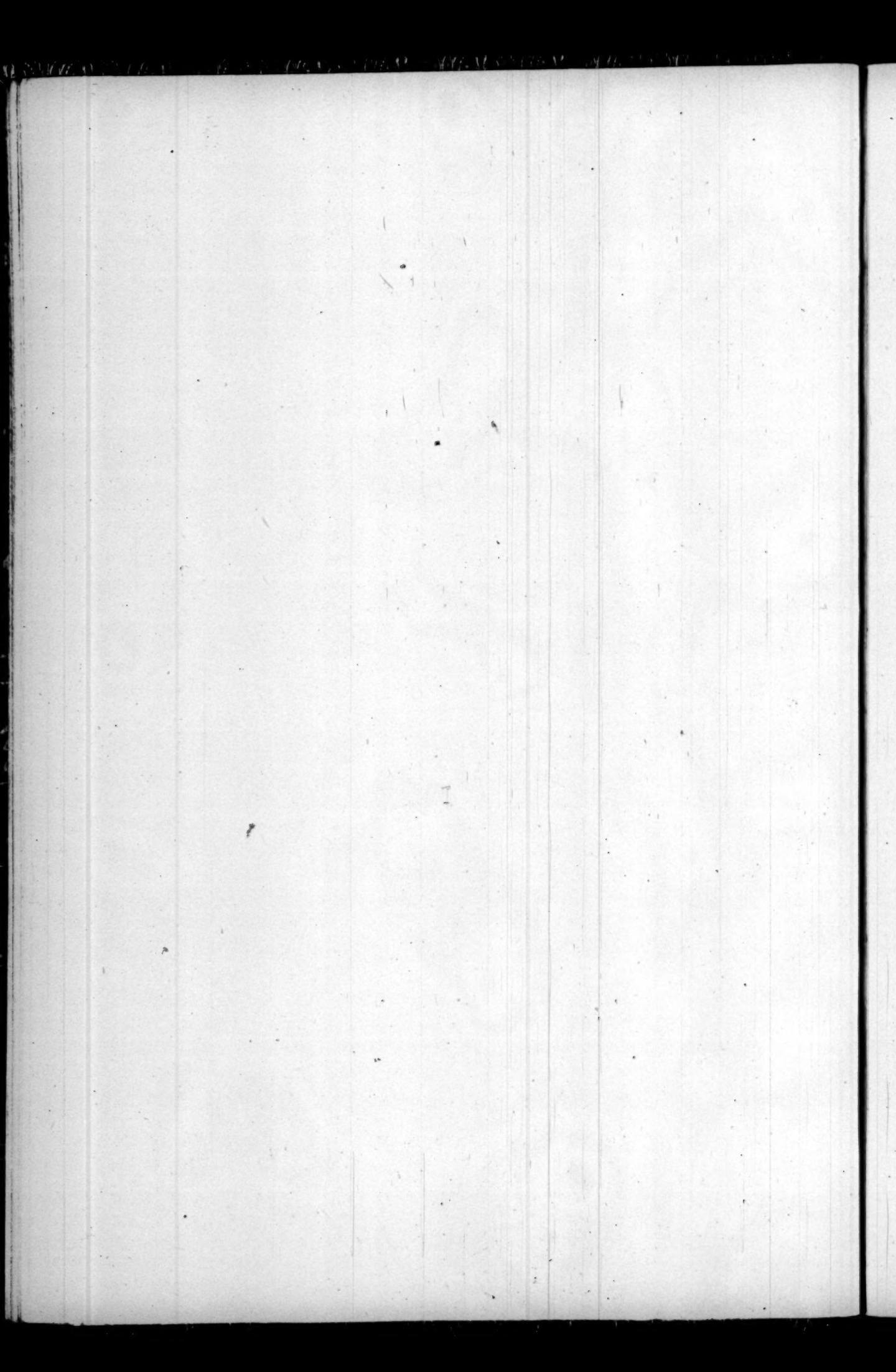
— *Hæc placuit semel.* —

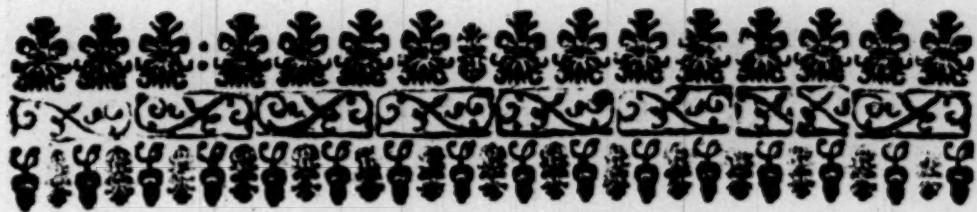
By I. S.



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1637.





TO
THE TRVLY NOBLE
GENTLEMAN, WILLIAM
TRESHAM Esquire.



IR, I have long cheri-
shed a desire, by some
worthy testimony, to
expresse how much I
honour you: But af-
ter a tedious expectation, hopelesse
to meet with an occasion to make me
so fortunate; I resolved, rather than
to hazard the censure of neglect, to
snatch any opportunitie of presen-
ting my services. This (which to me
hath no name, but what your bounty

A 2 shall

The Epistle Dedicatory.

shall bestow) having pleased you upon the Stage, comming into the world, offereth it selfe to kisse your hand. If you be mercifull, I am upon even termes with the world beside, and will studie next to reach your minde with imaginations of a higher nature. In the meane time, grow you up, and ripen your selfe for Honour; the flowings of your bloud will instruct you how to merit; while I rest content with my ambition, if I may still write my selfe,

Your devoted Servant,

I. SHERLEY.



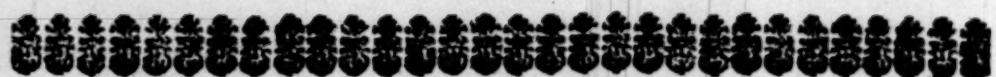
THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

PROLOGUE.



T is a principle by Nature wrot
In all our understanding, there is not
One Art or action, but it must tend
And move from some beginning to its end.
The Souldiers that weare the honoured bayes.

Upon their browes, and glorious Trophies raise
To Fame on pile of wounds, knew a time when
They suckt at warre. Your Muse inspired men
And of diviner earth, sacred for wit,
Crept out of their first elements to it :
The goodliek Harvest had first seed and hope,
Ere it could lade with an enriching crop
The rurall Teame : th'exactest building first
Grew from a stone, though afterward it durst
Wrap his faire head in clouds : nothing so true,
As all things have beginning : upon you
Dwell candid application : this Play is
The first fruits of a Muse, that before this
Never saluted Audience, nor doth meane
To sweare himselfe a Factor for the Scene.
Though he employ some houres, he only prayes
You take it as first borne, although he sayes,
He meant it not his heire, since 'tis unjust
One should have all, as in the Law it must.
Accept then a beginning ; all men know,
He first kist bayes, that wore them on his brow.



Drammatis Personæ.

Cornelio, an ancient Gentleman.

Infortunio, a Gentleman lover of *Selina*.

Rufaldo, an old Merchant.

Antonio, sonne to *Cornelio*, in love with *Hilaria*.

Gasparo, a Gentleman a lover of *Felice*.

Tenkin, a Welshman.

Babulciu, a rich Gull, in love with *Hilaria*.

Iocarello, *Tenkin's* Page.

Gergon, *Antonio's* Servant.

Ingeniolo, a Justices Clarke.

Orlando Furioso, a Roarer.

An old Countrey-man.

Offe his sonne.

Servingman.

Shepherds.

Selina Cornelio's daughter.

Felice, her sister.

Hilaria, *Rufaldo's* daughter.

Delia, a Chamber-maid.

Medulla, a Countrey Gentlewoman.

Shepherdesses.

THE



THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

Scena prima.

Enter Antonio and Gasparo.

Antonio.

SIrra, this Welshman is in love with my sister Selina, and hath chosen me for his prolocutor.

Gas. O ! this Love will make us all mad, thou knowest I lov'd a sister of thine once, but heaven knowes where shee is, I thinke shee lov'd me too, dost thinke shee did not ?

Gas. Well, thy father has reason to curse himselfe, beside some that shee and I have.

Ant. Nay, nay, thou'lt fall into passion againe, when things are past recovery, 'twas a good wench, but come, prethee leave to thinke on her.

Gas. Nay, I ha done, what shal's doe ?

Ant. Any thing but talke of State matters : thou hast much intelligence in the world, prethee what's the newes abroad ? I come forth a purpose to heare some, and this is an age of novelties.

Gas. Newes ? O excellent newes !

Ant.

Ant. Prethee what ist ? I long to heare some.

Gif. There is no newes at all.

Ant. Call you that excellent newes ?

Gif. Is it not good newes, that there is no bad newes ? the truth is, the newes-maker Master Money-lacke is sicke of a consumption of the wit.

Ant. The newes-maker ? why, is there any newes-maker ?

Gif. Oh sir, how should younger brothers have maintained themselves, that have travell d, and have the names of Countries, and Captaines without booke, as perfect as their prayers, I, and perfecter too ? for I thinke there is more probability of forgetting their prayers, they say them so seldom ; I tell you sir, I have knowne a Gentleman that has spent the best part of a thousand pound, while he was prentice to the trade in Holland, and out of three sheets of paper, which was his whole stocke, a pen and inke-horne hee borrowed, he set up shop, and spent an hundred pound a yeaire upon his whore, and found sheets for them both to lie in too : it hath beene a great profession, mary most commonly they are Souldiers : a peace concluded, is a great plague unto 'em, and if the warreshold, we shall have store of them ; O, they are men worthy of commendations, they speake in print.

Ant. Are they Souldiers ?

Gif. Faith so they would be thought, though indeed they are but mongrels, not worthy of that noble attribute ; they are indeed bastards, not sons of war and true Souldiers, whose divine soules I honour, yet they may be cald great spirits too, for their valour is invisible, these, I say, will write you a battell in any part of Europe at an houres warning, and yet never set foot out of a Taverne, describe you Townes, Fortifications, Leaders, the strength o' th enemies, what Confederates, every dayes march, not a Souldier shall lose a haire, or have a bullet fly betweene his armes, but hee shall have a Page to wait on him in quarte, nothing destroyes 'em but want of a good memory, for if they escape contradiction, they may be chronicled.

Ant. Why, thou art wise enough to be an Informer.

Gif. I mary, now you speake of a Trade indeed, the very

Atlas of a State Politick, the common-shore of a city, nothing falls amisse unto 'em, and if there be no fish in the Commonwealth can liue by honestie, and yet be slaves by their privilege, there is not an oath but they will have money for it !

Ant. Oh brave Trade.

Gafp. They can eat men alive and digest 'em, they have their conscience in a string, and can stifle it at their pleasure, the Devils journeymen, set up for themselves, and keepe a damnation house of their owne; indeed they seldome prove Aldermen, yet they are taken for Knights every day o'th weeke, when they ride post, they have the art of insinuation, and speake wris familiarly, they are Agents, as I have heard, for the Devill in their life-time, and if they die in their bed, have this privilege, to be sons of hell by adoption, and take place of Serjants.

Enter Infortunio and Selina.

Gafp. Stay. Who's there? thy sister and *Infortunio*: let's observe.

Infor. I must have other answer, for I must love you.

Sel. Must? but I doe not see any necessitie that I should love you, I doe confess you are a proper man.

Infor. O doe not mocke *Selina*, let not excellencie Which you are full of, make you proud and scornfull, I am a Gentleman, though my outward part Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me, Nature hath made me what she need not shame, Yet looke into my heart, there you shall see What you cannot despise, for there you are With all your graces waiting on you, there Love hath made you a Throne to sit, and rule Ore *Infortunio*, all my thoughts obeying And honouring you as Queene, passe by my outside: My brest I dare compare with any man.

Sel. But who can see this brest you boast of so?

Infor. Oh! 'tis an easie worke, for though it be Not to be pierced by the dull eyc, whose beame

The Sschoole of Complemente.

Is spent on outward shapes, there is a way
 To make a search into hiddenst passage.
 I know you would, I love to please your sense :
 A Tree that beares a ragged unleav'd top
 In depth of Winter, may when Summer comes
 Speake by his fruit, he is not dead but youthfull,
 Though once he shew'd no sap : my heart's a plant
 Kept downe by colder thoughts, and doubtfull feares,
 Your frownes like Winter stormes make it seeme dead,
 But yet it is not so, make it but yours,
 And you shall see it spring, and shoot forth leaves
 Worthy your eye, and the oppressed sap
 Ascend to every part to make it greene,
 And pay your love with fruit when Harvest comes.
 If my affection be suspected, make
 Experience of my loyaltie, by sonie service
 Though full of danger, you shall know me better,
 And so discerne the truth of what you see not.

Sel. Then you confesse your love is cold as yet,
 And winter's in your heart.

Infor. Mistake me not, *Selina*, for I say
 My heart is cold, not love.

Sel. And yet your love is from your heart He warrant.

Infor. Oh you are nimble to mistake,
 My heart is cold in your displeasures only,
 And yet my love is fervent, for your eye
 Casting out beames, maintaines the flame it burnes in,
 Againe, sweet Love,
 My heart is not mine owne, 'tis yours, you have it,
 And while it naked lyes, not dain'd your bosome
 To keepe it warme, how can it be but cold,
 In danger to be frozen ? blame not it,
 You only are in fault it hath no heat.

Sel. Well sir, I know you have Rhetorick, but I
 Can without art give you a finall answer.

Infor. Oh stay, and thinke a while, I cannot relish.
 you should say finall, sweet, deliberate,

It doth concerne all the estate I have,
I meane not dunghill treasure, but my life
Doth stand or fall to it, if your answer be
That you can love me, be it swift as lightning.
But if you meane to kill me, and reject
My so long love-devotions, which I have pay'd
As to an Altar, stay a little longer,
And let me count the riches I shall lose,
By one poore aery word, first give me backe
That part of *Infortunio* that is lost
Within your love, play not the Tyrant with me.

Sel. Y'are over-weake to let your passions sway you :
If I knew any thing I had of yours,
I would not doe you that injustice, sir,
To let it stay with me, and for your love,
I cannot pay it backe againe with mine,
Either release the debt, or I shall dye in't,
Your suit is fruitlesse, hopelesse, pardon me, farewell.

Ant. Now by all my hopes you are to blame, sister, come,
this Gentleman deserves your love, *Infortunio*.

Sel. Brother, you forget your selfe.

Ant. Why, I doe remember I am your brother, I say you
must love him.

Sel. Must ?

Ant. What, does that move your spirit ? what are you, but
you may love ? be not petulant, y'are a baggage and not wor-
thy of a man, by heaven I now could kick her. *Exit.*

Gaff. Thy tother sister was of calmer temper, this a true
woman.

Infor. Sir, had not nature made you brother to her, I should
be angry. *Exit.*

Ant. Alas poore Gentleman, I doe not feele my selfe in
such an humour for *Hilaria*, and yet by this hand I love her
well enough, and now I thinke on't, I promis'd her my com-
pany, she has a damnable usurious stinking wretch to her fa-
ther, that cannot abide me, but 'tis no matter, this wench and
I may find a place to meet in, in spight of his eyes and specta-
cles. How now *Gorgon*, what sayes she ?

Enter *Gorgon*.

Gorg. Sir, I have done your remembrances to Mistris *Hilaria*, and told her you should find her comming by and by, but you were best passe in some obscurity, for her father *Rufaldo* is hard by sir. *Lupus in Fabula.* Enter *Rufaldo*.

Ant. *Gaffaro*, and thou love me, shew thy wit to entertaine this peece of blacke Dammaske and Velvet guards, while I goe in to *Hilaria*.

Ruf. Old men are the truest lovers, young men are inconstant and wag with every wind, we never move, but are as true as steele.

Gor. But in womens matters as weake as water, as weake as water.

Ruf. Besides, sweet Love, but doe I court a shadow? to see whither love will carry a man: let me see, I could finde in my heart to bestow a ring upon my Sweet-heart, but that I am loth to part with it: hem, I will get but one childe, and that shall be a boy, lest having too many children, I undoe my heire, and my goods be divided. O sweet *Selina*, O amiable *Selina*; sure I am not old.

Gor. I have it, Signior *Gaffaro*, pray let me begin with my Merchant if you love me, and if you like it, second me.

Gaff. Goe to *Gorgon*, let's see thy wit now.

Ruf. Old men walke with a stiffe, and creepe along the streets, hold their heads below their girdle, faulter in their speech, foame at mouth, and breathe ten times in a furlong, and are ready to spit their lungs on every mans threshold.

Gorg. God save you sir.

Ruf. Godamercy honest *Gorgon*.

Gor. I cry you mercy sir, Ile assure you sir, I tooke you for Master *Rufaldo* the old Merchant.

Ruf. Why, and am not I? is not the fellow drunke? I am *Rufaldo*.

Gor. It may be some kin to him, but not that *Rufaldo* I meane; you are younger a faire deale.

Ruf. I am that *Rufaldo*, the Merchant, that buried my wife lately, and have one daughter *Hilaria*, ancient acquaintance with *Cornelio* and your master *Antonio*.

Gor.

Gor. Oh sir, you must excuse me for that.

Ruf. Is thy name *Gorgon*?

Gor. What else sir, honest *Gorgon* I?

Ruf. Doe I know thee to be *Gorgon*? what, shall I be fac'd out of my selfe? why thou varlet, who am I, if not *Rufaldo*?

Gor. Why sir, 'tis plaine, you have no gray haire in your head, your cheeke is scarlet, a wanton youthfull eye; *Rufaldo* had a head like frost, his eyes sunke into his hollowes, a rugged brow, a hoary beard, and all his body not worth a drop of bloud, a very crazie old meale-mouth'd Gentleman, you are younger at least by thirty yeares.

Ruf. Ile assure thee I was *Rufaldo*, when I rose in the morning.

Gor. You have not slept since, have you?

Ruf. No.

Gor. 'Tis the more strange. I have heard of some that have beeene changed in a dreame, but never waking before: this is strange, may admirable!

Ruf. Young, chang'd, art sure thou dost not mocke?

Gor. I were a very knave then, if you be *Rufaldo*, I hope your worship knowes I have beeene bound to my good behaviour.

Ruf. Altered young, ha! I would I were; and yet mee thinkes I am livelier than I was, I feele my joyns pliable as wax, and my voyce is stronger too. But tell me, honest *Gorgon*, is it possible for an old man to be young againe?

Gor. Nay, I see youle not beleeve me: well sir, I will be bold to report the wonder abroad, and astonish all your friends.

Ruf. Nay, stay, honest *Gorgon*, ha! young, no gray haire? stay, who's here? *Exit Gorgon.*

Gasp. Ha! 'tis not he, Ile speake to him, no 'tis in vaine, Ile see if he knowes me. *He passes by.*

Ruf. *Gasp*aro! what, does not he know me too?

Gasp. Sir, I should know you, are you not Signior Petruchio, the dancing Master?

Ruf. Trickes, passages, I am *Rufaldo*, old *Rufaldo*.

Gasp. *Rufaldo* indeed is old, but you are young, you doe

retaine his countenance, I would sweare you were he, but you are younger farre.

Ruf. 'Tis so, I am chang'd, I am younger than I was, I am that *Rufaldo*, beleeve, I know you to be a learned Gentleman, nam'd *Gafaro*, I was told afore I was altered, but not to trouble you with many questions, only one, *Gafaro*, is it a thing possible for an old man to be young againe? I know 'tis admirable, but is it possible? you are a Scholler.

Gaf. Possible? oh yes, theres no question, for wee see by experience, Stagges cast their old hornes, and prove vigorous, Snakes cast off their old coats, Eagles renew their age, your plants doe it familiarly, the Phœnix when shee is old, burnes her selfe to ashes, from thence revives a young Phœnix againe. Possible? I have heard some old men have beene twice children sir, —————— therefore 'tis not impossible.

Ruf. 'Tis very strange: I am not yett confident.

Gaf. There be receipts in Physicke, sir, to keepe them young, saving that time runnes on a little beforehand with em: yes, and to make young, since it is harder to make alive when they are dead, than to make young when they are alive, and Physicke doth revive some out of all question, though not so familiarly as kill, for that they doe with a little studie; marry I thinke, if it were as gainfull to the Physician to restore as to destroy, he would practise the Art of recovery verily faithfully.

Ruf. Why, doe you think it would not prove as gainfull?

Gaf. Oh! by no meanes, for where an old man would give an hundred pound, to have fortie or fiftie yeares wiped off the old score of his life; his wife or next heire would joyne rather than faile, to out-bid him halfe on't, to put him out of debt quite, and to send his old leaking vessell into *mare mortuum*.

Ruf. Well, well, but if I be young, I have tooke no Physicke for't.

Gaf. If! nay, 'tis past *If* and *And* too, you are certainly restor'd, let me see, you looke like one of foure, or six and thirtie,

thirtie, not a minuge above, and so much a man may take you for.

Ruf. Well, I know not what to say to't, there is some power in love has blest me: now *Selina*, be thou gracious.

Gaff. Are you in love? nay, the wonder is not so great; who can expresse the power of Love? I have read of a Painter named *Pigmalion*, that made the picture of a woman so to the life, that he fell in love with it, courted it, lay in bed with it, and by power of Love, it became a soft-natur'd wench indeed, and he begot I know not how many children of her. Well sir, *Selina* cannot choose but be mad for you.

Ruf. Not mad, *Gaffaro*, I would be loth to be troubled with her and she be mad.

Gaff. Yes, and shee be mad in love, there is no harme in't, she cannot be too mad in love, your *Cornucopia* may be abated at pleasure, besides sir, the best morall men say, Love it selfe is a madnesse, and the madder your wife is, the more sure you may be she loves yon.

Ruf. No, no, I love no madnesse on any condition, for feare of being horne-mad.

Gaff. Why sir, madnesse is not such a discredit, as the age goes: you know there are many mad fashions, and what man but sometimes may be mad? are not your great men mad, that when they have enough, will pawne their soule for a Monopoly? besides mad Lords, what doe you thinke of Ladies at sometime of the Moone, you may spell em in their names, *Maddame*? you have mad Courtiers, that run madding after *Citizens* wives: the *Citizens* are mad too, to trust em with their wares, who have beene so deepe in their wives booke before: your Justice of Peace is sometimes mad too, for when he may see well enough, he will suffer any man to put out his eye with a bribe: some Lawyers are often stark-mad, and talke wildly, no man is able to endure their termes.

Ruf. Prethee mad-cap leave, I am almost mad to heare thee.

Gaff. Well, my old young *Rufaldo*, if you marry *Selina*, I shall have a paire of gloves, I hope, and yoale let me dance at your wedding.

Ruf.

Ruf. That thou shalt, boy, and He dance my selfe too,
hey, ————— Exit leaping.

Gasp. Farewell credulitie ; ha,ha, with what a greedinesse
doe old men run out of their wits ? 'Twas a good recreation
to see with what pleasure he suffered himselfe to be guld :
faith *Gaspardo*, play out thy hand, now thou art in : me thinkes
I have an excellent appetite to make my selfe merry with the
simplicity of this age : let me see, 'tis Spring, and I meane to
give my head a purgation, it may beat off the remembrance of
my lost love *Felice*: a pox of melancholy, I wil act two or three
parts, if I live, in spight of it, and if I die then Exit *Gaspardo*.

Enter *Gorgon*.

Gor. Seignior *Gaspardo*, my Master would speake with you :
the project too : I met the YOUTH strutting like a Gentleman
Usher, 'twas my invention.

Gasp. But I gave it pollish, *Gorgon*.

Gorg. I confesse, you tooke off the rough-cast, but 'twas
Gorgons head brought forth the project, from my Joves braine
came this *Minerva*.

Gasp. I thinke thou art a wit.

Gor. Who, I a wit ? I thought you had more wit, than to
make such a question, all the Towne takes me for a wit, heres
a pate hath crackers in't and flashes.

Gasp. And thou sayst the word, weeble joyne in a project
of wit, to make an Asse of the world a little, it shall make us
merry, if it take no other wayes, wo't joyne ?

Gor. By this hand, any project of wit, what ist, good *Gaspardo* ? the project.

Gasp. Canst be close ?

Gor. As mid-night to a Bawd, or a paire of Trusses to an
Irish mans buttocks.

Gasp. Go to, thou shalt now then excuse me to thy Master, I
will presently furnish my selfe with new lodgings, and expect
to heare from mee shortly my brave Delphicke, I have it in
Emabrio, and I shall soone be delivered.

Gorg. If I faile, call me Spider-catcher.

Exit.

Gasp.

Gaf. Mum, not a word, if all hit right, we may
Laugh all our melancholy thoughts away.

Exit.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Bubulcus.

Bub. If I were a woman, now could I fall in love with my selfe : every body tels me I am the proprest Gentleman in the Towne, and I put it up, for the truth is, I dare not give any one the lye, a pox a fighting, I can look as big as another, but shall I be such an Asse, to venture my selfe with beasts ? for they say, your swords most commonly are Foxes, and have notable mettall in 'em ; let me see, I am now at *Rufaldoes* my father in Law that must be, here he is.

Enter Rufaldo apparell'd youthfully.

Master *Rufaldo*, if you had beene my owne father, as you are but like to be my father in Law, I should have prov'd my selfe a foole, by this hand I should not have knowne you, why, how briske and neat, and youthfull he is !

Ruf. I am something altered I confess, since I saw you.

Bub. By this flesh that shines, a man would not take you to be above five or six and thirty at most, how came this ?

Ruf. Just as *Gafaro* told me, 'tis apparent, nay, nay, son, forbear to bee inquisitive, I confess I am abated of my age, the power of Love, and so forth, but I see your fire of love is not out too.

Bub. No, mine was but raked up in the embers.

Ruf. Why, this Love does make us all ingenious too : come sit downe, saving your tayle sir, a cushion, we may discourse with the more ease.

Bub. Pray, how does my Sweet-heart Mistris *Hillaria* ?

Ruf. Shee is very well, ha son, I am in love too : sonne I call you, I hope you will get my daughters good-will, but youle find her peevish.

Bub. No matter, sir, for that, I would not have her easily, I would sweat for her, Ile warrant, Ile make her love mee.

Ruf. Look you can you read, I made a ditty to send to my

Mistris, and my Musician that I keep in my house, to teach my daughter, hath set it to a very good aire, he tells me: you shall heare and judge of it, I heare him tuning his Instrument.

A Song.

*God of Warre to Cupid yeeld,
He is Master of the field,
He with Arrow bits the heart,
Thou with Lance the worser part.*

*Cupid greater is then Jove,
Since he wounded was with love,
Nay, in power by much odds
He excels the other gods.*

*Love transform'd Jove to a Swan,
Made Ulysses a mad man,
But Rutaldo it does make
Young for his Selinas sake.*

Ruf. How doe you relish it, ha?

Bub. It rooth the Ditty is as pretty an ayer as ere I saw, 'tis divided into three Regions too, I warrant you, can make Ballads easily.

Ruf. Oh fie, they are barbarous and ignoble, that's beggerly.

Bub. But for all that, I have read good stufte sometimes, especially in your fighting Ballads, *When Cannons are roaring,* and *bullets are flying, &c.*

Ruf. Fie, a whipping post, tinkerly stufte; how did you like the aire?

Bub. As sweet an aire as a man would wish to live in, but 'tis som-what backward.

Ruf. Oh Musicke, the life of the soule.

Bub. I should have learn'd Musicke once too, but my Master had so many crochets, I could ne'r away with it: but where is your daughter, Sir? there is no Musicke without her, she is the best Instrument to play upon.

Ruf. And you shall have her betweene your legs presently.

Bub. I had as liefe be betwixt hers, for all that.

Ruf.

Ruf. *Hilaria*, where is this girle ? Ile fetch her to you, and leave her with you, for I have a Love of mine owne, to whom I meane in person to present this Ditty, Ile fetch her.

Exit.

Bub. I doe not see what fault shee can finde with mee, and if I had some good word to come over her : but I must helpe it out and need be, with swearing ; but here she is.

Enter *Rufaldo*, *Hilaria*, *Antonio* aloofe.

Ruf. Still *Antonio* with you ? you are a foolish girle : doe I take care to provide a husband for you ? and will you cast away your selfe upon a Prodigall ? but that I would not discontent his sister, whom I hope to make my wife, I would forbid him my house ; therefore bee wise, and take heed of him, hee's giddy-headed, and loose-bodiced. The Bee may buzz, but he will leave a sting : plant your love there : upon my blessing, he has many Lordships.

Hil. Pray heaven he have good manners.

Ruf. I have set open the gate of opportunity ; *Cupid* speed us both.

Bub. Let me alone to enter my man, now the point is open : hum, stay, there's a man in her Tables more than I looked for : foot, he kisses her, Ile call *Rufaldo* backe, hees out of sight, it were but a cowardly tricke, for me to run away.

Ant. Be Buzzard now, the sting of conscience eat up his gut, frie his suet, and leave him at his death not able to weigh downe a pound of candle.

Bub. He talkes of suet, I doe melt already.

Hil. Looke, doe you see that man of clothes ? upon my fathers blessing he must be my husband. What will you doe ?

Ant. Fight with him, his clothes are too big for him, Ile beat him till he swell to 'em.

Hil. No, as you love me, doe not strike him.

Bub. I will set a good face whatsoeuer come. *Hilaria*, how does my Love, come kisse ; why so : this comes of valour, we fall to, and he falleth off, hee's some coward, I hope, and how doest *Hilaria*? 'tis an age since I saw thee : what Springals is that ? ha.

Hil. One that desires to be of your acquaintance, sir.

Bub. My acquaintance, who is he? none but Knights, and Knights fellows, are of my acquaintance, I scorn Gentlemen.

Hi. But for my sake, pray be acquainted with him.

Bub. Thou shalt do much with me, sir, I am content for her sake whom I love, to be acquainted with you, wo't borrow any money? for so do all that begin their acquaintance with me, 'tis the fashion, he is a coward, is he not? here: nay, and you scorne my money, I scorne your acquaintance.

Hil. Pray for my sake.

Bub. Why, he will borrow no money of me, I had never such a tricke put upon mee, since I knew what acquaintance was: I me sure there have beene forty acquainted with mee, since I came to Towne, and not one had so little breeding, to let mee aske 'em the question, wee could no sooner shake hands, but the other was in my pocket: It may be 'tis his modestie. Sir, this is my Love *Hilaria*, and if you will not borrow money of me, by this hand, there lyes my sword, he is a coward.

Hil. It appeares.

Bub. *Hilaria* is my Mistresse, and if any man dare be so venturous, as to blast her reputation with a foule breath, he shall breathe his last.

Hil. 'Tis very sure, he shall not be immortall.

Bub. Or if you shall offer in my presence to defile her lip, or touch her hand, or kisse but the nether part of her vesture, you had better kisse her in another place; nay doe but blow on her.

Hil. You forget your selfe, this is my friend.

Bub. Or winke at her, or speake to her, or make signes, or thinke on her to my face, and you had better keepe your thoughts to your selfe: now to conclude, and if you bee agriev'd, my name is *Bubulus*, and you lye.

Ant. And you lye there ath ground: why should not I knock his brains out with his owne hilts, or stake him to the ground, like a man that had hang'd himselfe? Sirrah cloaths, Rat of Nilus fission, monster, golden Calfe, oh, I would kick thee

thee till thou hast no more brains, then thy cousin Woodcock: I will not dishonour my selfe to kill thee, halfe a dozen kicks will be as good as a house of correction, out you Monkey.

Bub. Oh, that I could run thee thorow body and soule, I will challenge thee, a pox on your toes, would I had the paring of your nayles, were you dumbe so long for this?

Ant. Hence.

Bub. Who lookt for you? when will you be here agen? looke for a challenge, the time may come, when I will beat shee.

Exit.

Ant. Has thy father left a multitude of men, to make choice of this peece of folly to be thy husband? oh, the blindnesse of a covetous wretched father, that is led onely by the eares, and in love with sounds! Nature had done well to have thrust him into the world without an eye, that like a Mole is so affected to base earth, and there meanes to dig for Paradise: but come, *Hilaria*.

Fathers their children and themselves abuse,
That wealth a husband for their daughter chuse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, and Selina.

Cor. I did not thinke, *Rufaldo*, pardon mee,
You could have so prevail'd, but if she can
Plant her affection on yee, Ile not be
Backward to call you sonne.

Seli. Hee does appeare
With all the charmes of love upon his eye,
And not rough drawne, but polisht, he assumes
A power 'bove all resistance.

Cor. An old mans Darling, is a petty Queene
Above all her desires.

Ruf. Nay, she shall want nothing my wealth can purchase,
O my sweet *Selina*.

Cor. *Rufaldo*, with your patience, I would have
A word or two in private, you need not
Prejudicate mee.

Ruf. With all my heart.

Cor. Selina, thou knowest I am thy father.

Sel. My duty, sir, shall speake it.

Cor. And you know whom you have rejected.

Sel. Young *Infortunio*.

Cor. And you know what man he is, with whom You meane to tye that knot, nothing but Death is able to undoe.

Sil. *Rufaldo*, sir, an old man.

Cor. Oh *Selina Felice*, thy poore sister thou recallst To sad remembrance, but heaven alas Knowes onely where she is.

Sel. Sir, I have often heard you talke of her, But never knew that sister well.

Cor. Thou with thy uncles tendernesse wast kept Alwayes i'th Countrey, not untill her losse At home with me her fate taught me to give A liberty to thee, her I restrain'd Poore wench in love with *Gisburo*, till betwixt Obedience to a father, and the love To him, shee left us both, father and friend, Now to avoid the like affliction, I vowed thy freedome, and thou seest I doe Not encounter thy affection with the bonds A father might enforce upon his child.

Sel. I humbly thank you

Cor. But yet *Selina*,

Take heed, be not too rash, I have observ'd You want no common judgement, O doe not Precipitate thy selfe into a forrow, Shall waste thee with repentance, let mee tell you, There is a me-

thod, when your passion's young To keep it in obedience: you love *Rufaldo*, Art thou not young? How will the Rose agree With a dead Hyacinth? or the Honey Wood-bind, Circling a withered Brier? You can apply, can you submit your body

To bed with Ice and Snow, your blood to mingle?

Would you bee deaf'd with coughing, teach your eye How to bee rumaticke? Breathes he not out His body in diseases, and like dust Falling all into peeces, as if Nature Would make him his old grave: I say too much. O what are all the riches of the world, To an oppressed mind? which then must bee Fed with despaire of change, or will gold Buy off th' imprisonment? nay, will it not Compose the chaines, that binde you to endure it? Well I have said enough, keepe still your freedome,

And lose it where you will, you shall not blame

Me for your fate, nor grieve me with your shame.

Sel. Deare father, low as earth I tender you The duty of a daughter, I have heard you Not with a carelesse eare, that liberty You have bestow'd on me, for which I owe All that I am, doth make me confident You will not be offended, if I tell you My love is vertuous, were it otherwise, I should eleas you premonish youth, And prodigall blood: And father, I thinke here I shew my selte your daughter, nor am I Without good presidint too: how many fine Young noble Ladies, in this Faiery Ile, Have matcht with reverend age? and live as they Were borne from Natures puritie, free from staine Of sensuall imputation, by their Loves, Deriving heavenly honours to themselves 'bove merit of equality.

Cor. No more, heavens blessing and mine Light on thee, sha't have *Rufaldo*.

Sel. I would not leave *Rufaldo* for a world Of rash untemperate youth, beleeve it sir.

Cor. *Rufaldo*, heard you that? She sayes she would not Leave you for a world of other men.

Ruf. Nor I for thousand worlds forsake my Love. Come seale it with a kisse, another, another, another.

Cor. As close as Cockles.

Ruf. Oh, that we were married! 'tis death to stay the Ceremonies, would we were a bed together.

Cor. 'Twere time I see wee were at conference, To confirme all things for the mariage, You being agreed, I think we shall not differ In other circumstance, and 'twere sinne to let That keepe your joyes asunder by delay: Please you weeble have some treaties.

Ruf. Most willingly, O my bird, my Chicke, my Dove, My America, my new-found world, I shall shortly Run backe into one and twenty againe.

Exeunt Cornelio and Rufaldo.

Sel. With what agility he moves himselfe, As he were made of ayre? let weaknesse tax Our inequality, I have a minde Can easily contemne what the worlds malice Out of its owne first guiltinesse can throw Upon our loves, 't shall be enough for me

Thus

Thus to convince the world of so much basenesse,
Lodg'd in luxurious thoughts, by my chaste thoughts.
Rufaldo, thou art mine, all time, me thinks,
Is slow, till we be actually possest
Of mutuall enjoying. Stay, who's this?

Enter Jenkin, and his Page Jocareho.

The Welshman that delivers his affection
At second hand to me.

Jen. Looke you Pages, where our Sweet-hearts and Pigf-
nies be, and her could tell what to say to her now, know her
heart very well, but pogs upon her, cannot aule her know-
ledge speake Rethoricks, and Oratories, and fine words to
her? looke you kanow better to fight, and cut doublets with
her Welsh glaues, marke you.

Joc. Sir, will you lose this opportunitie, youle curse
your selfe in Welsh, two or three dayes together for't.

Jen. Sentilwoman, if her knaw not her name, was *Jenkin*,
borne in Wales, came of pig houses, and prittish bloods, was
have great hils and mountaines aule her owne, when was get
'm again, any was her cousins, and our Countrey man was ne-
ver conquered, but alwayes have the victories bravely, have
her Armes and scushrins, to know that say you, was give in
her crests great deal of monsters, & Dragons, kill 'm with their
hooks, very valiantly, as any Sentelman in the whole world:
pray you now was please you place her affections and good-
wils upon her, in wayes of make-money, marke you teale
plainly, *Jenkin* was love her very honestly, else pox upon her,
and her will fight in her cause, and quarrels, long as have any
plood in her bellies and backs too, marke you.

Sel. Sir, I am bound to you for the affection
You cast on mee, 'tis far above my merit.

Jen. Merits say you? aw te merits are awle banished our
Countries and Nations, you know dat: pray you was her
love *Jenkin*?

Sel. Love you, sir? I know not
How to be so inhumane, not to love you,
Your parts deserve a nobler object, I am not

Worthy

Worthy so much opinion of your love,
But wherein I may doe you service sir,
You shall command *Selina*.

Exit Selina.

Jen. Shall her, was make her meanes and satisfactions warrant her, or say *Jenkin* was Gentleman of Wales, say you now Pages, was have her matrimonies and wedlocks very fast, looke you, and when was get her awse her cousins, was make joyes and gratulation for her good fortunes upon her walsh Harpes, know you dat very well Pages? her feire her shall bee Knighted one dayes, and have great cumulations of urships, honours, and dignities too, a great while agoe.

Jac. And great Castles ith'aire.

Jen. Was give awle our lands, and craggy Tenements in Wales away to our coufin up *John*, and live her selfe here upon very good fashions, with our monies and mighty riches, when her can get 'em.

Enter Infortunio.

Infor. How now, whither so fast, man? thou maist get to hell by night, and thou goest but an Aldermans pace.

Jen. By Cats blood, her will goe to the Devill and her list, what is that to her?

Infor. Cry you mercy, your name is Master *Jenkin*.

Jen. And what have her to say to Master *Jenkin*? *Jenkin* is as good names as her owne, pray you was good Gentleman as her selfe, know very well, say you now?

Infor. Godboy, fir.

Jen. Boyes, does her call her boyes? harke you her? her name is *Jenkin*, her be no boyes, no shildren.

Infor. I will not be used so.

Jen. Her shall bee us'd worse, and her call *Jenkin* boyes, was knocke as tall a man as her selfe, an welsh plood bee up, looke you.

Infor. Can she love *Rufddo*? 'tis impossible.

Jen. Piple pables, 'tis very possible.

Infor. His body has more diseases than an Hospital, an hunger-staru'd Rascall.

Jen. Raskals ? sheshu ! was never such names and appellations put upon her, awle her dayes, Becar her will make you you eat up awle her words and ignominies, or her plade shall make holes in your bellies diggon.

Infor. A very pufte, a weake Canniball.

Jen. Hey, pufte, and Cannibals, if the Devill bee in your mouthes, her will picke your teeths with her welsh plade, and pay you for all your pusses, and Cannibals, warrant her.

Infor. But 'tis her fault alone impudent wooman.

Oh, may you like *Narcissus* perish by
Your face, the fall of others, or unpityed
Of heaven and earth, dye loathsome ! I could curse.

Jen. Her can curse, and sweare too. looke you now.

Infor. Pardon divinest sex, passions doe force
My reason from me, I doe submit,
Crave pardon, as your creature.

Jen. Nay, and her crave pardons, and make submissions,
Jenkin was put up awle her angers and indignations, fare-
well.

Exit cum Iocarello.

Infor. Oh, *Selina* !

Thou art too much an Adamant
To draw my soule unto thee, either be
Softer, or lesse attractive : but *Rufaldo*,
'Tis depth of witchcraft, oh, I could be mad,
Beyond all patience mad, it is some malice
Hath laid this poyson on her.

Enter *Gorgon* with a letter.

Gor. Here's *Infortunio*. Alas, poore Gentleman, little does he thinke what blacke and white is here, a bitter handfull of commendations to him, my young Mistris is mad of the old Cocks-combe, and will marry him almost without asking; I cannot tell, but if shee doe not cuckold him, and make him crye cornes on his toes ere hee dye, hee has fooles fortune, for a wise man would bee out of hope to avoyd it, he spies me.

Inf. Whither running, *Gorgon* ?

Gorg.

Gorg. Not out of my wit, Sir, I have a Letter from my yong Mistris *Selina*, must in all haste have cleanly conveyance to old *Rufaldo*.

Inf. Let me but see the directions. To my beloved friend Master *Rufaldo*: 'tis a lye, she was mistaken, it was I should owe this appellation, Ile not beleive the superscription, 'tis a painted face, I'de see the heart on't.

Gorg. I hope, sir, you will not throw open the sheet, and discover my Mistris secrets? How he stares!

Inf. If you love me, and wish me constant, bee your owne friend, and let our marriage day begin with the next morning: thine, mine. Oh *Selina*, she's mad. All womankinde is mad; and I am mad: whom shall I rend in peeces for my wrongs, and as with Atomes fill this poysoned Ayre, *Rufaldo*? Stay, is not she a creature rationall? Oh no, there is no sparke of nature in her, all is sunke, lost for ever: stay, stay, see.

Gorg. He has made a Taylors bill on't, torn't a peeces ere it be discharg'd: What shall I doe?

Inf. This is *Medias* brother torne in peeces,
And this the way where she with *Iason* flies,
Tom Colches, come not neere 'em, see, looke,
That's an arme rent off.

Gorg. This?

Inf. And the hand beckens us
To cry out murder.

Gorg. Ile but hold it by the hand.

Inf. That's a leg o'th boy.

Gorg. This sir, a leg, it shall goe with me then.

Inf. There, there 'tis, head and yellow curled locks,
His eyes are full of teares, now they doe stare,
To see where all his other members lye.

Gorg. So I have all his quarters, Ile presently, sir, get poles for 'em, and hang 'em upon the Gates in their postures for you.

Exit.

Inf. But she and *Iason* are both slipt, and *Argos* is
Sylling home to Greece, see how the waves

Doe tosse the Vessel, and the windes conspire
 To dash it 'gainst a Rocke, it rides upon
 A watery mountaine, and is hid in clouds,
 It cannot stay there, now, now, it tumbles,
 Three fathom beneath Hell, let 'em goe,
 Here comes the father of *Medea* now,
 Calling in vaine unto the gods, and spies
 His Sonnes limbes throwne about, in stead of flowers,
 To his Daughters nuptials he does take 'em up,
 He knowes the face, and now he teares his haire,
 And raves, and cries *Medea*, poore old man,
 Command a funerall pile for thy young Childe,
 And lay the pretty limbes on, from whose ashes
 Shalt have another Sonne i'th shape of *Phœnix*.
 Shall I? excelleat! Prepare a fire
 All of sweet wood for my sweet boy, a fire, a fire.

Exit.

Aetus tertius, Scena prima.
Enter *Rufaldo*.

Ruf. 'Tis now early day: fie, what a long night hath this
 beene? the Sunne went drunke to bed the last night, and
 could not see to rise this morning: I could hardly winke, I
 am sure, love kept me waking, and the expectation of this
 my wedding day did so caper in my braines, I thought of
 nothing but dancing the shaking of the sheets with my sweet-
 heart. It is certaine, I am yong every body now tels mee,
 so it did appeare by *Selina*'s consenting so soone to love, for
 when I had but broke the Ice of my affection, shee fell over
 head and eares in love with me; was ever man so happy as I
 am? I doe feele, I doe feele my yeeres fall off, as the raine
 from a man that comes dropping in, I doe feele my selfe every
 day grow yonger and yonger still, let mee see, an hundred
 yeeres hence, if I live to't, I shall bee new out of my teenes,
 and running into yecres of discretion agen: Well, I will
 now

now to Master *Cornelius*, and bid 'em good morrow with a noyse of Musicians, and to see the very talking of Musicke, how my heart leapes and dances, at my wedding already! I have bespoken the Parson to marry us, and have promised a double fee for expedition. O now I am so proud of my Joy, my feete doe not know what ground they stand on.

Exit.

Enter Jenkin and Jocarello.

Jen. *Jenkin* has risen very early this mornings, and beene in studies and contemplations, to make ditties and ferses upon her Mistris beauties and pulchritudes, but the Devil's sure in these Poetries, they call it Furies and Raptures, look you, but *Jenkin's* pate is almost mad, and yet her cannot awle her inventions meete with these Furies and Raptures.

Enter Selina in Shepheards weeds.

Sel. Thus farre I have past without discovery: the morning is auspicious to my flight. *Selina*, what an alteration hath a day made in thee, that to prevent thy so desired marriage, thou art thus lost in a masculine habit, and dost flie him? thou didst so much love aged *Rufaldo*, in what a lethargy wert thou falne, *Selina*?

Jen. *Jocarello*, does her nor name *Selina*? 'tis no very good manners to make interruptions, her will heare more, looke you.

Sel. Whither had reason so withdrawne it selfe?

I could not make distinction of a man,
From such a heape of age, aches and rheume:
Sure I was mad, and doth increase my fury,
To thinke with what a violence I ran
To imbrace such rotteness. O my guilty soule
Doth feele the punishment of the injury
I did to *Infortunio* of late,
Of whom as I despaire, so shall the world,
Ever to know againe haplesse *Selina*.
This is the morne the sacred Rites should tie
Me to *Rufaldo*, ripe in expectation,

But like *Ixion* he shall graspe a Cloud,
 My empty cloathes at home, *Selina* thus
 Is turn'd a Shepheard, and will trie her fortune ;
 Hardby the Shepheards have their shady dwellings,
 There let *Selina* end her haplesse dayes,
 Father and all farewell. Thus as *Felice*
 My other Sister, Ile weare out my life,
 Farre from your knowledge : sacred love commands
 Revenge and justice for my cruelty,
 And reason now awak'd shall lead me to it,
 Thus I am safe, I goe to finde out that,
 Will meet mee every where, a just sad fate.

Exit.

Ien. Pages, have her seene treames and apparitions ? hark
 you, was *Selina* turn'd Shepheardesse, pray you ?

Ioc. Either wee dreame, or this was *Selina*, your Mistris
 that is turn'd into breeches, and become a Shepheard ; the
 case is altered.

Ien. What a tevill is in the matters and businesses, pray
 you ? cases never was knowen such cases and alterations in
 awle her life, womans never weare preeches in Wales, 'tis
 not possible, we are awle in treames and visions, very treames
 and visions.

Ioc. Sure we are awle awak'd, sir, and it was *Selina*, did
 shee not say shee would obscure her selfe from her Fathers
 knowledge, and live among the Shepheards hard by ?

Ien. It may be, but it is very impossible.

Enter *Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Hilaris.*

Cor. I am amaz'd, when was she seene ?

Ant. Not to day, sir, I have searcht her Chamber, and al-
 most turn'd it out ath' window, but no *Selina*.

Ruf. It is very strange, is not your man *Gorgon* come back ?

Cor. What should this meane, it is a strange absence,
 ath' wedding daytoo.

Ruf. That angers me most, sir.

Cor. My heart misgives mee, some fatall accident upon
 my life, is hapned to her.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ruf. Hast thou happy newes?

Ser. I have travelled all the Towne o're, and can meet no intelligence of her.

Cor. Bedumbe, night-Raven, she's lost, she's lost,
The Fates sure make conspiracy to take
My Daughters from me : one I lost because
I would not give her, and I have repented.
Full justice for it, and am I so unhappy
To lose *Selina* too ? but Ile not steepe,
Untill I finde her either alive or dead.
Rufaldo, you have interest in this sorrow,
Joyne in the inquisition. Oh my Girle *Selina*.

Exit.

Ruf. Have I beene yong for this ? if I finde her not, I will
run, I will run, I will run mad, mad. Exit.

Ant. No more, I know where her clothes be : if it take,
applaud my invention : I have coozened my owne Father
before now, and I will trie new conclusions, but I must have
thy assistance and secrecie : if my Sister have a conceit of
mirth to put upon us, I may chance put her to prove her selfe
Selina, or remove her with a *Habeas corpus*.

Exeunt *Antonio, Hillaria*.

Ien. Iocarelloes, awle is true, *Selina* is gone in Shepheards
vestiments to the woods and Forrests, but her will make tra-
vels and ambulations after her: never was Sentilman ith' hole
world love as *Ienkin* now, to make journeys and peregrina-
tions for a womans, looke you : but if her finde her, as know
her very well, her will there make awle sure works and per-
formances, warrant you Pages, here is moneyes, pray you
make provisions of breads and victuals too, know vds are
very bare places, and *Skenkin* was alwayes have cud stomacks
and appetites, looke you, pray you, doe, pray you, doe.

Exeunt.

COM-

COMPLEMENT-SCHOOLE.

Enter *Gaspardo* habited punctually, Master of the Schoole,
and *Gorgon* his Usher.

Gasp. Bee the hangings up, *Curculio*, and all the Chaires
and Stooles put into method? the day is old, me thinkes,
time runs fast, me thinkes, upon the minute, brings my disci-
ples. Doe my bils of complement still relish, *Curculio*, doe
they please the pallat, ha?

Gorg. My most ingenious and nob'l Criticaster, brave-
ly bils, pils you should say, not fac'd, but lin'd, with gold
they swallow 'em greedily, and still flocke to 'em, and con-
glomerate my sonne and heire of the Muses: a proclamation
is as quiet as the poore mans box, no man lookest after it,
not a Balladmonger has any audience: but happy is the man
that rides first poast to your papers and cries admirable: your
old men looke upon 'em with their spectacles, as they would
eye an obligation within a minute of forfeyture.

Gasp. Thou hast eaten up the furies already, and speakest
all buskins, but close walke in the clouds, yet I have not
heard of any Mountebanke of wit durst ever attempt to set
up shop arth' trade ye: but whist Usher, take your place.

Enter *Bubulcus*.

Gorg. Foot'tis *Bubulcus*.

Bub. This is the Complement-Schoole. *He dances.*

Gorg. Three cuts and a half, hey. I give you, sir, gene-
rous salutation, and wish a faire morne descend upon you:
thrice Noble Spirit, welcome, does your worship desire to
be sprinkled with the drops of *Hellicon*, to gather the Pippins
of *Parnassus*, and have your forehead fillited with *Apollinean*
Bayes, or *Laurell*?

Bub. Troth, sir, I doe not know how to confir what
you say, although I know it be Latine, sir: the cause of my
comming to you, is to let you understand, that here is a
Complement-Schoole, and I have great desire to bee taughe
some of your figaries, and brave wolds, I doe meane to pay
for't

for't soundly too, sir: I thanke my starres, as they say, I have ready mony about me.

Gorg. You shall bee verberated, and reverberated, my exact peece of stolidity: please you draw neere, there is the starre of Eloquence, under whom I am an *Hypodiscall*, in English, his Usher.

Bub. A Gentleman Usher at least.

Gorg. Approach without feare: here is a Pupill, sir, desires to sacke the hony of your eloquence, hee is a Gentleman in *Folio*.

Gifp. Your accession is gratefull, my most gentile lump of insipience: what complement doth arride the pallate of your generositie?

Bub. What sayes he pray, in English?

Gorg. Hee askes what kinde of verbosity you would bee practis'd in? because I perceive you are raw, I will descend to your capacity, hee askes what Complement you would learne?

Bub. Why looke you, sir, I would have two kindes of Complements: for, sir, I am in love, and I am in hate.

Gifp. How? in love, and hate too?

Bub. Yes, I am in love with a Wench, and would have a delicate speech for her, and I am in hate with a Gentleman, a yong Animall, and I would kill him now without danger of the Law: to tell you true, he did abuse me in the presence of my sweet-heart, and did (saving this good company) kisse my backside.

Gorg. How?

Bub. But it was with his foot, sir: now in regard I have not the heart to kill him with my sword, I would cut him in peeces, and murder him with mouth-guns: looke you, sir, here's money, please your selfe: but I pray you give mee a powdering speech, for I would blow him up: I beseech you, if ever you put gall into your Inke, make it a bitter speech.

Gifp. S^r., I will draw you a sublime speech shall conjure him.

Bub. Pray doe, for he has a great spirit in him.

Gasp. Usher, in the meane time entertaine him with some copie of amorous complement.

Gorg. There is an Ushers fee belongs to my place.

Bub. Here's gold for your fee, I received it for good fee simple, I am sure.

Gorg. Simple, I am sure: so, sir, looke you, I should teach you to make a leg first, but these postures anon.

Resplendent Mistris, for thy face doth farre
Excell all other, like a blazing Starre
We mortals wonder at, vouchsafe to cast
Out of those sparkling Diamond eyes thou hast,
A sacred influence on thy vowed creature,
That is confounded with thy forme and feature.

Bub. Admirable!

Gorg. Goddesse of *Cypris*.

Bub. Stay, I doe not like that wurd *Cypres*, for shee'le thinke I meane to make Hatbands on her, cannot you call her Taffata Goddesse, or if you goe to stiffe, cloth a Gold were richer.

Gorg. Oh ther's a conceit, *Cypris* is the embleme of morning, and here by *Cypris* you declare how much you pine and mourne after her, sir.

Bub. Very good, pray you goe on.

Gorg. Goddesse of *Cypris*, *Venus* is a slut.

Bub. Stay, who doe I call slut now? the Goddesse of *Cypris*, *Venus*, or my Love?

Gorg. You doe tell the Goddesse, that *Venus* is a slut.

Bub. I doe so.

Gor. For thou art *Venus* faire, and she is not.

Bub. How is she *Venus* faire, when that I call her slut to her face?

Gorg. No sir, your love is *Venus* faire, and she is not: That makes plaine the other, that she is a slut.

O that I were a flea upon thy lip,
There would I sucke for ever, and not skip.

Bub. Sucke?

Gorg.

Gorg. That is, you would not bite her by the lip.
Or if thou think'lt I there too high am plaste,
Ile be content to sucke below thy waste.

Bub. Which fide she please.

Gorg. Thy foote I'de willing kisse, but that I know,
Thou wouldest not have thy servant stoope so low.
She will give you leave to kisse higher.
Oh speake thou, wilt be mine? and I will be
The truest Worme e're trod on shoo to thee.

Bub. Worme?

Gorg. By Worme you doe insinuate and wriggle your
selfe into your affection, and she by shoo will conceive your
desire the length of her foote: how doe you like it, sir?

Bub. I would not for forty pounds but I had come to
complement: why, I shall bee able in a small time to put
downe a reasonable Gentlewoman.

Gorg. Oh, any ordinary Lady, you must get it without
Booke. Now to make your legs.

Bub. I have two made to my hands.

Gorg. Oh, by no meanes, your legs are made to your feete.

Enter Delia.

Gasp. Beauty and graces dwell upon the face
Of my disciple *Delia*.

Del. Muses inspire you: what at study?

Gasp. Negotiating a little with the Muses.

Gorg. See me salute her.

As many happinesses waite on *Delia*,
As beames shoot from the Sunne this pleasant morne.

Del. As many thankes requite you, as that Sunne
Is old in minutes since the day begun.

Bub. What's she, *Curculio*?

Gorg. Her Mistresses best moveable, a Chamber-maide.

Bub. She is an early riser: at Schoole so soone?

Gorg. She is an early riser, and yet sometime as soon down
as up, she cannot be quiet for the Servingmen, 'tis her houre
betweene eight a clocke and her Mistris rising, to come to
discipline.

Bub. 'Tis a pretty smug Wench, is her name *Delia*? shee has a pretty name too.

Gorg. Oh, sir, all her credit is in her good name: it was *Diana's* the Goddesse of chastity, and therefore when shee marries, shee may cuckold her Husband by a privilege, for *Diana* gave hornes to *Adam*.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Where's Master Criticaster?

Gasp. Who's that?

Ser. Sir, my Master has sent you a little gold, hee desires you send him the speech hee should speake at Sessions in the Country, he's now riding downe.

Gasp. Sir *Valentine Wantraine*, that has never a Clarke?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Gasp. Newly put into Commission for the peace, being puisne, it falleth to him to give the charge. I have drawne it, let me see in *Comitatu, &c.* here, read it, *Circuliu*, he may the better instruct his Master, a touch, a touch.

Gorg. Good men of the Jury for this Session, I will not implicate you with ambages and circumstances, I am unwilling to confound your little wits with affected divisions of my narration, into *quis*, *quid*, *quomodo*, and *quandoes*: I will neither utter by grosse, nor part my speech into a dozen of long points, knotted often in the middle, and vntag'd in the end; you are to present Malefactors, whereof you are the chiefe ——— Reformers, and seeing you stand ready for your charge, I will give fire to this great peece of service, and send you all off with a powder, that in any case we may goe to dinner betimes, &c.

Gasp. So, 'tis enough: beare my respects to your Master, tell him 'tis a speech will doe him credit, bid him learne it perfectly without Booke.

Gorg. And doe you heare, if he chance to bee at a *nonplus*, he may helpe himselfe with his beard and handkercher, or it will bee a good posture for his hand now and then to bee fumbling with his bandstrings. Farewell.

Exit Servant.

Enter

Enter Mistris Medulla.

Gasp. Mistris Medulla, the Sunne of honour shine upon your hopes, till it sublime you to a Ladiship: I will attend you pretently.

Med. Sirra, bid your fellow make ready the Caroch, and attend mee here about an houre hence, I will ride home.

Bub. What Gentlewoman is that?

Gor. An old Country Gentlewoman, that hath buried her Husband lately, and comes up to be a Lady, for shee sweares she will not marry any more Gentlemen: shee is fallen out with a Justice of Peaces wife in the Country, and shee will have a Knight, though shee pay for his Horse-hire, to spight her neighbours.

Gasp. A word with you, sir.

Bub. Your friend and Master Bubulus. Ha you done, sir?

Gasp. The Cupidinæan fires burne in my brest,
And like the Oven *Etna*, I am full
Of Squibs and Crackers.

Bub. This will powder him.

Gorg. Lady, wounded by your beauty, I will acknowledge mercy if you kill me not, yet rather murther mee, than vulnerate still your creature, unlesse you meane to medicine where you have hurt, and I implore no better remedy than I may derive from the instrument wherewith you pierced me, like *Achilles* Speare; your eye having shot lightning into my brest, hath power with a smile to fetch out the consuming fire, and yet leave my heart inflam'd.

Del. Sir, although where I am not guilty of offence, I might deny justly, to descend to a satisfaction: yet rather then I would bee counted a murtherer, I would study to preserve so sweet a modell as your selfe; and since you desire my eye which enflamed you, should with the vertue of a gracious smile make you happy in your fire, it shall shine as you would have it, and disclaime that beame shall shine upon another object.

Gorg. So, very well, this is your cunning lesson.

Knocke within.

Gasp. Some strangers, *Curculio*.

Gorg. Sir, the Country comes in upon us.

Enter an old man with his Sonne.

Old. Is not here a Complement-Schoole?

Gasp. A Schoole of generous education, sir.

Old. I have brought my Sonne to bee a Scholler, I doe
meane to make him a Courtier, I have an offer of five or six
Offices for my money, and I wold have him first taught to
speak.

Bub. He is a great childe, cannot he speake yet?

Gasp. In what kinde of Complement, please you, vene-
table Sir, to be edoctrinated? But we will withdraw.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Come, for another lesson, my brave *Mars*,
Now I am fit to quarrell with the Starres,
And catch at *Jove*.

Bub. What's hee?

Gorg. *Orlando Furioso*.

Gent. By the blood-staind fauchion of *Mars* I will car-
bonado thee, keepe off, or in my fury I will cut thee into
Atoms, and blow thee about the world.

Bub. I hope he does but complement.

Gent. I will out-labour *Iove-borne Hercules*,
And in a great fury ransack Hell:
Teare from the Sisters their contorted curles,
And wrack the Destinies on *Ixions* Wheele,
Braine *Proserpine* with *Sisiphs* rowling stone,
And in a brazen Caldron choakt with Lead,
Boyle *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radimant*,
Throw *Pluto* headlong into moorish Fennes,
And sooty Regions.
Dam up *Cocitus* with tormented soule,
And batter downe the brazen gates of Hell,
Make the Infernall three-chapt Band-dog rore.
Cram *Tantalus* with Apples, lash the Fiends

With

With Whips of Snakes, and poysoned Scorpions,
Snatch chain'd *Prometheus* from the Vultures maw,
And feede him with her liver, make old *Charon*
Waft backe againe the soules, or buffet him
With his owne Oares to death.

Gorg. So, so, 'tis well, you shall take forth a new lesson,
sit downe and breathe.

Bub. 'Twas a devillish good speech.

Enter a Justice of Peaces Clerke, *Ingeniwh.*

Ing. Oh, why did nature make thee faire and cruell?

Bub. What spruce fellow's this?

Gor. He is an hundred and fifty pounds a yard in *potentis*,
a Yeomans sonne, and Justice of Peaces Clarke, he is in love
with a Farmers daughter, and thus hee speakes his passion in
blanke verse.

Inge. Thou art some Goddess, that to amaze the earth
With thy celestiall presence, hath put on
The habit of a mortall, gods sometimes
Would visite Countrey houses, and guild ore
A sublunary habitation
With glory of their presence, and make Heaven
Descend into an Hermitage: Sure thy father
Was *Maias* sonne, disguis'd in Shepheards weeds,
And thou dost come from *Iove*, no marvell then
We Swaines doe wonder at thee, and adore,
Venus her selfe, the *Queene of Cytheron*,
When she is riding through the milky way,
Drawne with white Doves, is but a blowze, and must,
When thou appearest, leave her Bird-drawne Coach,
And give the reines to thee, and trudge afoot
Along the Heavenly plaines, paved with starres,
In dutie of thy excellency, while the gods
Looking amaz'd from their cristall windowes,
Wonder what new-come Deity doth call
Them to thy adoration.

Bub. O, heavenly Farmers daughter!

Gr.

Gor. He call him in; *Ingenioso*!

Cls. Your servant, sir. Lady, I kisse your hand, and reverence the antiquity of your vestment, *Delia*. Fortune let fall her riches on thy head, that thou maist fill thy apron. I am your humble obser�icer, and wish you all cumulations of prosperity.

Bub. Sir, I desire to sucke below your waste.

Cls. I doe evaculate my selfe to be your shadowes, my ge-aerous condisciples.

Gor. This is Scholler-like.

Bub. Hec's one of the head forme, I warrant.

Enter *Gaspardo*, the old man and his sonnie.

Gasp. Sir, I receive your sonue, and will winde up his ingeny, feare it not, but first he must be under my Usher, who must teach him the postures of his body, how to make legs and cringes, and then he shall be advanced to a higher Classe. *Circulio*, likke him with your method into some proportion, take off the roughnesse of his behaviour, and then give him the principles of salutation.

Old. Law you there, boy, he will teach you the principles of saltation. Well, good-morrow, sir, He leave my Jewell.

Gor. Your Jewell may have the grace to bee hang'd one day.

Enter *Jenkin*.

Exit old man.

Len. Blesse you Sentlemen awle, and your studies and contemplations: is here a Schoole of Complements, pray you?

Gasp. A place of generous breeding.

Len. Generous preeding, harke you, her name was *Jenkin*, a good Gentleman, 'tis knowne, her take no pleasures and delectations in urds and phrases of Rhetricks; Welse-men have awle hearts and fidelities, marke you, her was going along pout creat busynesse, but casting her eyes and visions upon your Pils and significations of your skils & professions, looke you, her come in, to see the fashions and manners of your exercises, and yet if your urships has any Madrigals and Pastorall Canticles, looke you, for in truths and verities

ties was going now to the Uds and Forrests, and meane to
turne Shepheards goddillings, her will give you good pay-
ments of awle your inventions, and Muses, pray you now.

Gaf. Amorous Pastorals? I can furnish you, venerable sir.

Turne, Amarillis, to thy Swaine,
Thy Damon calls thee backe againe,
Herc is a pretty Arbor by,
Where Apollo cannot pry,
Here let's sit, and while I play
Sing to my pipe a Roundelay.

How like you it, sir?

Jen. Roundelayes very good, here is moneyes and con-
siderations, looke you.

Gor. We acknowledge your bounty, my Tenth-worthy.

Gaf. So Mistris, I have trespass'd on your patience, now
I will take occasion by the fore-locke. You can say your le-
ture: have you your hand-kercher ready, that when a Sutor
comes, you may put him off with wiping your eyes, as if
teares stood in 'em ever since your Husband was buried: well,
suppose I have had accessse to your Chamber, I begin, Lady,
thinke it not strange, if Love which is active in my bosome,
force me to turne petitioner, that I may be reckoned amongst
your servants; all my ambition, sweetest, is to be made hap-
py in your affection, which I will study to deserve in my ut-
most possibilities.

Med. Alas, alas, I had a husband.

Gaf. Very well counterfeited, nay weepe not, those eyes
were made to shine, not waste with dew: if it bee for the re-
membrance of him you have lost, recover him againe, by pla-
cing your good opinion on a man shall sweat to doe you ser-
vices.

Med. It doth not, sir, become our modesty
To talke of love so soone, you will renew
My passion for his losse, and draw downe teares
Afresh upon his Hearse: you doe not well
T'oppreesse a widdow thus, I pray, sir, leave me,
At least I will enjoyne you, if you stay,

To speake no more of love, it is unwelcome.
What, am I perfect?

Gasp. So twas very well, at the next lesson you shall learne to be more cunning.

Gor. Wilt please you heare the Novice?

Gasp. Good boy, speake out.

Offe. God save you, sir, felicities bee accumulated upon you, sir, I thanke you generous sir, you oblige mee to bee your servant, sir, in all my — p — o — s — possibility, sir, I honour your remembrance, sir, and shall be proud to doe you my observance, sir, most noble sir.

Gasp. Very hopefull now: a repetition all together, the more, the merrier.

*T*hey all rehearse at once.

Enter Infartunio.

Infar. What, at Barley-breake? which couple are in hell? are not you *Hellen*, whose insatiate lust ruin'd faire *Illium*? and you sir *Paris* with a golden nose? harke you, *Rufaldo* is married to *Selina*.

Bub. Who? that's my father in Law.

Infar. How, your father? looke, hee has cloven feete I am glad I have found you, what are you in hell for?

Gasp. Infinuate to 'em all for their owne safeties, hee's desperate mad, bid none stirre hence.

Infar. Hey, how came you all thus damn'd?

Ien. Damn'd, who's damn'd? is *Jenkin* damn'd?

Gasp. I beseech you, sir, to maintaine the credit of my Schoole, I shall be undone else, humour him a little.

Ien. Will you have her be damn'd? when here you pray a Welshman was damn'd? of all things in the wrld, her cannot abide to be damn'd.

Gor. See if you can roare him away.

Gent. Keepe off, I am *Hercules*, sonne of *Alcimena*, Compress'd by *Love*, Ile carbonado thee.

Infar. How, art thou *Hercules*? *Strikes him downe.*
Lie there, usurper of *Alcides* name,
Bold Centaure: so he's dead, by this I prove

I am

I am love borne.

Ien. Well, for your credits and reputations, her care not to be damn'd for companies and fellowships, looke you, has hee knock'd him downe? would hee had knock'd *Jenkin* downe.

Infor. Now, on with your relations, and tell mee all the stories of your fortunes.

'Tis I am *Hercules*, sent to free you all.

What are you damn'd for? In this Club behold All your releasements. What are you?

Gor. Stand in order and be damn'd.

Casp. I am the conscience of an Usurer, Who have beeene damn'd these two and twenty yeeres, For lending mony *gratia*.

Infor. How, a Usurer? why didst not Corrupt the Devill to fetch thy soule away? Heele take a bribe for lending money *gratia*.

Gasp. Yes, sir, for thankes: I tooke no interest, For at the lending of each hundred pound, They brought me home some twenty or thirty thankes, Indeed 'twas paid in gold.

Infor. Oh golden thankes! well, goe to, I'll release you, Upon condition you shall build an Hospitall, And die a begger. What are you?

Gor. The soule of a Watchman.

Infor. How came you damn'd? could not you watch the Devill?

Gorg. He tooke mee napping on Midsummer Eve, and I never dreamt on him.

Infor. Your wife had given you Opium over night.

Car. No sir, I had watch'd three nights before, and because I would not winke at two or three drunkards as they went reeling home at twelve a clocke at night, the Devill owed me a spight.

Infor. Well, you shall bee prentice to an Alcumist, and watch his Stills night by night, not sleepe till hee get the Philosophers-stone. What are you?

Del. Sir, I am a Chamber-maid.

Infor. What are you damn'd for?

Del. Not for revealing my Mistris secrets, for I kept them better than mine owne, but keeping my maiden-head till it was stale, I am condemn'd to lead Apes in hell.

Infor. Alas, poore wench, upon condition you will bee wise hereafter, and not refuse Gentlemens proffers, learne pride every day, and painting, bestow a courtesie now and then upon the Apparitor to keepe counsell, I release you, take your Apes, and Monkies away with you, and bestow them on Gentlewomen, and Ladies, that want play-fellowes. What are you?

Cle. I am an Undersheriffe, sir, damn'd because I told the debtors, writs were out against 'em, brought 'em to composition without arrests, favoured poore men for a whole yeere together, was very good in my Office, gave up a just account at the yeeres end, and broke.

Infor. Oh, miracle! an honest man! thou shalt be Church-warden to a Parish, draw the presentments, and keepe the poore mens box for seven yeeres together, 'tis pitty, but thou shouldest have fifty wives, to propagate honest generation. What are you?

Med. A Justices wife ith' Countrie, sir.

Infor. And who drew your *mittimus* hither? what are you damn'd for?

Med. For refusing Sattin gownes, and velvet petticoats, turning backe Capons at Christmas, and Sessions times, and making much of one of my husbands servants, merely for his honesty and good service towards me.

Infor. 'Tis injustice, you shall bury your Husband quickly, weare some blackes a while for fashions sake, and within a moneth be married to his Clarke, unlesse you will be divided among the Serving-men. What are you?

Old mans son. A younger brother, sir, borne at the latter end of the weeke, and waine of the Moone, put into the world to seeke my owne fortune, got a great estate of wealth by gaming and wenching, and so purchas'd unhappy

pily this state of damnation you see mee in.

Infor. Came you in't by purchase ? then you doe not claime it by your fathers interest as an heire : well, I will ease you of the estate, because it is litigious, and you shall make presently a bargaine and sale of it to a Scrivener, that shall buy it of you, and psy you both his eares downe upon the naile for it. What are you ?

Bub. I am a Horse-courser.

Infor. And couldst not thou out-ride the Devill ?

Bub. I had not the grace to mend my pace, I was an honest Horse-courser, and suffered every foole to ride me, I knew not what belonged to horse-play, let the world kicke at me, I never winc'd, all that I am damn'd for, is, that desiring to thrive in the world, and to have good lucke to horse-flesh, I ambled to the bed of a Parsons wife that was coltish once, and gave her husband a Horse for't in good fashion, hee never gave me godamercy for't, indeed it prov'd afterwards to have the Yellowes.

Infor. There was some colour for't: well, since your occupation is foundred, you shall trot every day afoot, and walke a knave in the Horse-faire. What are you ?

Ien. Her have no minde at all to be damn'd, becar her will fight with her and kill awle the Devils in hell : diggon.

Gorg. Sfoot, heres more adoe to get one Welshman damn'd, than a whole Nation. Sir, 'tis but in jest.

Ien. In jests, is it in jests ? well, looke you, her will be contented to be damn'd in jests, and merriments for you.

Infor. You will tell me what you are damn'd for ?

Ien. And her bee so hot, was get some bodyes else to bee damn'd for *Jenkin*, her will tell her in patiences, looke you, her was damn'd for her valour, and ridding the urld of Monsters, looke you, Dragons with seven heads, and Serpents with tayles a mile long, pray you.

Infor. Oh, let me embrace thee, worthy in my armes, Ile charme the Destinies for their bold attempt, for cutting off thy threed, thou shalt cut their throats, and be instald Lord in *Elistum*. Oh, let me hug thee, *Owen Glandower*.

Ion. Owen Glandower was her cousin pray you.

Infor. Goe your wayes all: stay, take hence *Prometheus* and bury him, if you come into hell againe, there's no release-
ment.

Ion. So, farewell Sentlemen, now her meane to make tra-
vels and peregrinations, to the uds and plaines, looke you,
very fast. Good speed to awle. Exit.

Gorg. We thanke thee Joviall *Hercules*.

Gasp. Live long thou King of hell. So, so, well done of all
sides, here our Schoole breakes up, I might have runne mad
like, had I not taken off the edge of melancholy.

Thus poore Gentleman. O Love thou art a madnesse,
Drawing our soules with joy, to kill with sadnesse.

Infor. So, so, poore soules, how glad they are of liberty.
This is a hot house, I doe scorch and broyle; Ile seeke the
Eliian fields out, and dye there.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio drest in Selinaes apparell, with Hillaria.

Ant. Have I not done my part, wench, with confidence
to proceed thus farre with thy father? either I am infinitely
like my sister, or they are all mad with credulity: but our
good fathers are blinded with their passions, and that helps
mee much: well, I doe but thinke upon the nights worke,
there lyes my master-piece, I have it, 'tis for thy sake
Hillaria, I have assum'd this habit, the end will speake
it.

Hil. But what will you doe? *Antonio* is lost now.

Ant. Well enough, is suppos'd to goe after *Selina*, and
is not return'd yet, out of my brotherly love, they will ima-
gine I have but taken a journey in quest of a Sister, time
enough to returne agen, and hee goes farre, that never does
wench by Story.

Enter

Enter Bubulcus with his sword.

Heres Bubulcus.

Bub. Antonio is gone, no newes of him: I am glad of that, I hope he will come no more.

Ant. How now? what meanes this? what! sword drawne?

Hil. And he is whetting it.

Ant. For heavens sake, what's the matter?

Bub. Nay, nothing, nothing, I doe but — a —

Hil. By my virginity you make mee afraid, what's the matter?

Ant. He meanes to fight with some body on my life.

Hil. Heaven defend it, good sir, tell me.

Bub. Bee not afraid, Gentlewomen, for I doe but you see.

Hil. But what?

Bub. Whet my long knife, some body shall smart for't, but —

Ant. He does mean to challenge some body.

Hil. I charge you, if you love, tell me who's your enemy.

Bub. Nay, no body, I doe not mean to fight, if I live.

Ant. What?

Bub. Nay, nothing, sweet Ladies, be not troubled, I doe but sharpen my sword.

Hil. Tell me the truth, why?

Bub. I was eating Oysters tother day, and I had never a knife, and so —

Ant. Come, come, there is some other matter in't, pray tell me.

Bub. Well, you are my friends, if you chance to heare of any mans death shortly, then say Bubulcus.

Hil. I hope you doe not mean to kill any man i'th field, you doe make me tremble, I'll assure you.

Bub. No, no, sweet-heart, do not tremble, I will but —

He makes a thrust.

Lose my honour? I'll be carv'd first.

Ant. What a Capon's this? pray let me perswade you.

Hil. And me.

Bub.

Bub. No, no, 'tis but in vaine to perswade me, I'm resolv'd,
if you love me, doe not use any arguments :
The Cupidinæan fires burne in my brest,
And like the Oven *Etna* I am full
Of squaibs and crackers. I had almost forgot —

Hil. The Oven *Etna*, Ile bee baked then : what a fury are
you in ? he lookes like the god of Warre.

Bub. The god of Warre ? I thinke I have reason. *Hillaria*,
I must, and I will, and all the world shall not hold me.

Hil. But you shall not goe away thus, till you be calmer.

Bub. O that I were a flea vpon his lip,
There would I sucke for ever, and not skip.
I will carbonado him, his face doth farre
Excell all other like a blazing starre
We mortals wonder at. Vouchsafe to cast
Off the sparkling diamond eyes thou hast :
O let me goe on, me thy vowed creature,
That is confounded with thy forme and feature.

Ant. Is the foole mad ?

Hil. He has something in his head, and it were ouer : but
here comes our Fathers.

Enter Cornelio, *Rufaldo*.

Cor. Antonio not heard of yet ?

Ruf. This morning we wanted a Bride too, but shee was
found, mary I cryed for her first. Father, come, my Brother
Antonio is but gone to looke his Sister : ha, my sweet Wench,
when shal's to bed ?

Enter *Gorgon*.

Cor. I hope 'tis so, and yet he staines too long. Here's *Gor-*
gon : Sirra, where have you beeene all this day ?

Gorg. Indeed, sir, I have made inquisition, both my tongue
and my feet have walked, but my Mistris is not to be found
or heard of, Ile assure you.

Ruf. *Gorgon*, hast lost thy senses ? here's *Selina*.

Gorg. Mistris, then we are all made. — He capers.

Cor. But sirra, your Master *Antonio*'s gone.

Gorg. Gone in wine, sir, for joy of his sisters finding agen.

Cor.

Cor. Goe your wales, firra, and either bring me newes of him, or looke mee in the face no more, you'l finde wee jest not.

Gorg. Pray', sir, let mee take my journey in the morning, the wedding night is fatall: I hope your worship does but jest, I may bee drunke to night, and wake early enough to bee gone afore day too, I beseech you sir.

Ant. Pray', sir, let him stay to night.

Gorg. By this hand there he is, where? did not I heare his voyce?

Cor. Away firra.

Gorg. I have beeene mad all this while, and now am like to be my owne man againe: since there is no remedy, Gentiles all, good night.

Gorgon begins to be a wandring knight.

Exit.

Cor. I cannot bee heartily merry: well, let's leave these two without any more ceremonies, 'tis late, all joyes be multiplied on my Sonne and Daughter: good night, I doe comfort my selfe with hope of *Antonio's* returne, and yet feares are great.

Exit.

Ruf. Lights there: so, so, welcome thou much expected night, I doe salute thy blacke browes: come my *Selina*, shalfe finde I have yong blood: *Hillaria*, doe service to your Mother, make her unready.

Ant. 'Tis time enough.

Ruf. And why should wee lose any? I pray thee let her come. I know 'tis your Virgin modesty, loth to part with a Maidenhead, but it must off: come, prethee bee not idle: why, thou knowest I married thee, *Selina*, as thou lovest me—

Ant. Sir, by that love I must entreat you one thing.

Ruf. Any thing, sweet-heart.

Ant. To ratifie an ancient vow I made.

Ruf. Any vowes, what is't?

Ant. I vowed when ever I married, my Husband should not lie with me the first night.

Ruf. Should any body else?

Ant. Not any man.

Ruf. Come, 'twas a foolish vow, and must bee broke. Not lie with me the first night? 'twere a sinne beyond incontinency. I had rather lose halfe my estate, than misse thee but an houre out of mine armes this night.

Ant. 'Tis but one night.

Ruf. Oh, 'tis an age, a world of time to me: why I have fed of Oyster-pies, and rumps of Sparrows a whole moneth, in expectation of the first night, and leave it for a vow?

Ant. Indeed you must.

Ruf. How? must? come, I know you doe but jest, this is but your device to whet me on, and heighten mee, as if old age at once hath soakt up all my marrow. Harke you, how old doe you thinke I am?

Ant. Some threescore and seventeene.

Ruf. Out upon thy judgement: why I am not above (by all computation,) six or seven and thirtie: I am restor'd, renewd, when first I lov'd thee, by this hand I was.

Ant. I see then you would tire mee, by this beard you must not lie with me to night.

Ruf. How? nay then I see you'l try my strength: thus I could force you.

Antonio throwes him downe.

She has throwne me downe, I know not how to take it, nor well how to beare it, my bones ake, a pox a *Gasparo*, a my conscience I am an old foole: ha? I will see more, and set a good face on't, you know who I am?

Ant. Yes, old *Rufaldo*.

Ruf. Ha, old? 'tis so, my spirits faint agen: what did you marry for?

Ant. To make an asse of you.

Ruf. How?

Ant. Thou credulous foole,
Didst thou imagine I should ever lovethee,
Or lie with thee? but when I have a childe
Would shame the father: Oh the power of dotage,
That like an inundation doth o'recome

The little world of man, drowne all his reason,
And leave him spoild, even of his common sense.
Didst thinke I was a peece of stone fawne out
By Carvers art, so cold, so out of soule,
So empty of all fire to warme my blood,
I'de lie with thee, worse than the frigid Zone,
Or Icycles that hang on beard of winter?
Have I with wearied patience lookt to see,
When thou'dst lay violent hands upon thy selfe;
For being so mad, so impudent to love me,
And wouldest thou bed me too? didst thou not tremble
To dare the holy Rites and nuptiall Tapers?
Oh impious sacrilege! hence, goe waste
Thy selfe with sorrow, pine that halfe-staru'd body,
Untill thy bones breake thy skinne, and fall
To dust before thy face: nay, you shall endure me:
For since y'ave tyed me to you, I will be
Thy constant Fury, worse than Hags or Night-mare,
If thou dost talke of Love, or seeke to be
At reconcilement.

Ruf. Selina, sweet Selina, heare me.

Ant. Sweet? Oh villanous presumption!

Ruf. What will you doe?

*Ant. Save a disease, a labour, make an end of you, come
firra, sweare to observe what I shall impose upon you.*

Ruf. Oh, any thing, bitter Selina.

Ant. First, you shall never sollicite me to lye with you.

Ruf. Never by this hand, and thanke you too.

Ant. Stand bare in my prefence.

Ruf. Starke-naked.

Ant. Runne of my arrands.

Ruf. To the worlds end.

Ant. And keep a whore under my nose, nay, I will allow it.

Ruf. If you will have it so, I am content.

Ant. Sweare, firra.

Ruf. Flesh, and blood, I doe sweare.

Ant. So, rise. In hope of your conformity, I forbeare to let

the punishment bee equall with your deserts.

Ruf. Oh, I have married a Devill, I shall bee utterly disgraced, if this bee knowne: Pray sweet wife, let mee begge one request of you, that you would not discredit mee, I will bee content to endure your pleasure, doe not forsake my house, I beseech you that you would lye with my daughter.

Ant. Shall you appoint my lodging?

Ruf. Oh no, I doe bat humbly intreat you will bee pleased to lie with my daughter.

Ant. Well, since you submit so respectfully, I will tender your credit in that point upon your good behaviour, are you not well?

Ruf. I am the worse for you by forty markes. One thing more, vertuous wife, that you would not tell your father, nor any body else, how you have beaten mee: Goodnight, sweet vertuous wife.

Exit.

Ant. Ha, ha, *Hillaria*, my way to thee is free,
I have beat my passage, and I come to thee.

Enter Felice like a Shepheardesse, Selina, Shepbeards.

Sel. I had thought the woods and such wilde groves as
Had beene the house of rapine, and could not (these,
Afford humanity; beasts, and men like them,
Are wont to make such places desolate:
Did Nature make you thus at first, and are
We that have Cities, house and Civill Lawes,
More rude than you? or hath all vertue chose
You as divine earth to dwell upon?

Shepheardesse, indeed I am in love
With your wilde kingdome here, and would not be
A King abroad, if I might be a subject
With such faire Nymphs as you.

1. Shep. Oh sonne, you would say so,
When our pleasures all you know:
We are not opprest with care,
With which you in Cities are,

A Shep-

A Shepheard is a King, whose Throne
Is a mossie Mountaine, on
Whose top we sit, our crooke in hand,
Like a Scepter of command,
Our subiects sheepe grazing below,
Wanton frisking to and fro.

Fel. We nothing feare, awake nor sleepe,
But the Woolfe goddild our sheepe,
On a countrey quill each playes
Madrigals, and pretty layes
Of passions, and the force of love,
And with Ditties heaven move.
Birds will listen to our song,
And to leavy arbours throng,
To learne our notes, and Mistris name,
Vallies echoing with the same.

2. Shep. When we hunt, as there is store
Of Deere, the trembling Hare, and Bore,
You would think that you had seene
Gods in Shepheards weeds agen.
A hundred pretty Nymphs apace
Tripping ore the lands, and chase,
As many lads, the gentle aire
Playing with their dangling haire.

Fel. Sometimes we dance a Fairy round,
Hand in hand upon the ground,
Shepheards piping, Garlands crowning,
With our harmelesse besomes drowning.

1. Shep. Walke unto the silver brooke,
You shall need no other hooke,
To catch the dancing fish withall,
But a song or Madrigall.

Fel. When the clouds let fall their shoures,
We have at hand a hundred bowres,
Where under Sweet-bryer, safe are we,
And honey-dropping Woodbind tree,
Here in spight of stormes we tell

Stories of love, of *Philomell*,
Of *Paris*, and the Golden ball,
Of *Eccbo*, and *Narcissus* fall.

3. *Shep.* Here no false-love brings despaire,
Jealousie, or suspition, care,
Alwayes happy most of all
On *Silvanus* festivall.

Sel. No more, good Shepheards, you undoe a boy
With the opinion of his happinesse :
If a few Jewels I have brought with me,
May finde acceptance here, I shall bestow them
As freely as your loves have falne on me.
Nay then, Ile force 'em on you, I have leſt
To purchase a Flock with you.

1. *Shep.* We thanke you, gentle boy, gooden,
We must to our flockes agen.

Sel. But Shepheardesse, or sister if thou wilt,
Oh would thou wert, I pree thee call me brother,
Hath Love a part among you, tell me pray,
What punishment inflict you on false love ?
But sure you are exempt from such
A misery : what then
Is her reward, that out of peeviousnesse
Contemnies the honest passion of her Lover,
Insults upon his vertue, and doth place
Unworthily her affection ?

Fel. Though such a woman need no curse,
Being one her selfe, or worse,
Yet we Shepheards use to say,
May she love another day,
And not be lov'd, die in despaire,
And have no other Tombe but aire.

Enter *Infortunio* distracted.

Infor. A prey, a prey !
Where did you get that face ?
That goddesse face ? it was *Selina's* once :

How

How came you by it? did she on her death-bed
Bequeath her beauty as a legacy,
Not willing it should die, but live and be
A lasting death to *Infornatio*?

Oh she was cruell, not to bury it with her!
But I am a foole, 'tis *Venus* and her Sonne,
Where be your bow and arrowes, little *Cupid*?
Didst thou maliciously spend all thy *Quiver*
Upon my heart, and not reserve one shatt
To make *Selina* love me? Tell me, *Venus*,
Why did you use me so? you shall no more
Be Queene of love. Stay, stay, *Cupid* was blind,
How comes he now to see? yes, he did see,
He never could have wounded me so right else.
Wby then let Fortune have her eyes agen,
And all things see how wretched I am made.

Sel. Oh, is there not within the power of Art,
How to restore this Gentleman?

Fel. There is, and out of that experience we
Have in these woods, of simples, I doubt not,
But to apply a remedy.

Sel. He will be worthy of your care herein,
And should he (be which I cannot imagine)
Ingratefull to your skill, I would reward it,
And call you mother, or my sister for it.

Fel. It seemes you have some relation to him.

Sel. Indeed he is the dearest friend I had:
And if my blood were powerfull to restore him,
I'de spend it like a prodigall. I know *Selina*.

Inf. Ha, doe you know *Selina*? she's married to *Rafaldo*,
the old *Usurer*, that went to bed afore to his money, and
begat forty ith' hundred: now he beds *Selina*,
And layes his rude hand o're her sacred brest,
Embraceth her faire body, now he dares
Kisse her, and suek Ambrosia from her lip.
Those eyes that grace the day, now shine on him,
He her *Endimion*, she his silver Moone,

The tongue that's able to rocke Heaven asleepe,
 And make the musicke of the Spheres stand still,
 To listen to the happier aires it makes,
 And mend their tunes by it : that voice is now
 Devoted to his eares, those cheeke, those hands,
 Would make gods proud to touch, are by his touch
 Profaned every houre : oh, this makes me mad,
 But I will fit 'em for it, for ile die,
 It may be then she'll weepe, and let fall teares
 Upon my grave-stone, which shall be of marble,
 And hard like her, that if she powre out floods,
 No drops shall sinke thorow it to soften me,
 I will be wrapt in Lead to keepe out praiers,
 For then I know, shee'll beg I would be friends :
 But then I will be just, and hate her love,
 As she did mine, and laugh to see her grieve.

Sel. Come, I will feci: *Selina* to you, if you will sleepe.

Inf. Will you then? I will live, and you shal be my best boy.
 Come, I scorne to weepe, or shad another teare,
 Sit downe, Ile have a Garland for my boy,
 Of Phœnix feathers : Flowers are too meane
 To sit upon thy temples ; in thy face
 Are many Gardens, Spring had never such :
 The Roses and the Lillies of thy cheeke
 Are slips of Paradise, not to be gathered,
 But wondred at.

Sel. But you said you would sleepe, when slept you last ?

Inf. I remember before I lov'd, but that I know not when
 I slept soundly, and dreamt of gathering nosegayes.
 'Tis unlucky to dreame of herbs and flowers.

Fel. For *Selina*'s sake Ile try my best skill on him,
 Get him to sleepe, your presence I see is powerfull, yonder's
 a pleasant Arbour, procure him thither while I prepare the
 herbs, whose precious jayne may with Heavens blessing
 make him well againe.

Sel. A thousand blessings on you; Come, sir, goe with me,
 and when you have slept, Ile fetch *Selina* to you.

Inf.

Inf. Prethee doe, I am very drowzy : come, Ile dreame of something, my eyes are going to bed, and leaden sleepe doth draw the curtaines o're them.

Sel. Will you goe with me ?

Inf. Yes, and we will picke a dish of Strawberies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jenkin, having lost his way.

Jen. Has almost lost her selfe in these woods and wildernes, was very weary of these journeys and travells in foot-backes : have not since her commings beheld any reasonable creatures: blesse us awle, *Iocarello* is lost too, cannot tell where, in these mazes and labyrinths. *Iocarello*, so ho.

Echo. So ho.

Jen. Ha, theres some bodies, yet, harke you tere, here is a sentinelman of Wales, looke you, desires very much to have speeches and confabulations with you : where is her ?

Echo. Here is her.

Jen. Here is her ? kniaw not which wayes to come to her : pray you tell *Jenkin* where you be ?

Echo. Boobie.

Jen. Poobies ? was her call her poobies ? 'tis very saucy travells, her will teach her better manners and moralities, if her get her in reaches and circumferences of her Walsh blades truely..

Echo. You lie.

Jen. How, lies and poobies too ? harke you, *Jenkin* was give you mawles and knockes for your poobies, and lies, and indignities, looke for your pates now.

Exit with his sword drawn.

Enter againe.

Here is no bodies but bushes and bryers, looke you, awle is very quiet : so ho, ho.

Echo. So ho, ho.

Jen. Her am very much deceiv'd, now it comes into our mindes, if these voyces be not Echoes, *Echo.*

Ecc. Eccho.

H

Jen. 'Tis

Jen. 'Tis very true, but her marvell much, have her Ec-
choes in these Countries pray you?

Ecc. Yes pray you.

Jen. VVarrant her 'tis a welsh Eccho, was follow *Jenkin*
In loves out of VVales.

Ecc. Out of VVales.

Jen. 'Tis very true, bleffe us awle now, her call to remem-
brances and memories, her had communications and talkings
with this very Ecchoes in Clamorgan-shire, in de vallies
and Talles there looke you, her am very glad her hath met
with Ecchoes, was borne in her owne Countreyes, harke
you, *Jenkin* was travell hither out of loves and affections to
Selina.

Ecc. Nay.

Jen. Nay, yes very true, pray you tell her, bee *Selina* in
thesewoods, or no?

Ecc. No.

Jen. No, where is her den, have her taken awle these la-
bours and ambulations in vanities? say you, shall *Jenkin* then
goe backe as he came?

Ecc. Asse he came.

Jen. Gone? it is not possible, hit may bee *Selina* was turne
spirits and be invisible rather, she is not gone verily.

Ecc. There you lie.

Jen. Lie, very well, you have priviledges to give lies and
awle things in the world, but her will not leave these woods
for awle dat, her will be Pilgrims all tayes of her lises, ere her
goe without her.

Ecc. Goe without her.

Jen. How, not love *Jenkin*? then there is a Devill in
awle female sexes:know very well she promise loves and good
wills in times, great while agoe, pray you now, her will talk
no longer with you. Fare you well Eccho, pray if you meet
her Pages, bid her make hafts and expeditions after her.
Fare you well.

Exit.

Ecc. Fare you well.

Enter

Enter Gorgon.

Gorg. I thinke *Jupiter* has snatch'd up my Master *Antonio*, to make a *Ganimede* on him, hee is not to bee found yet, I have search't all the Tavernes ith towne, I am sure, and that method my nose led me to, hoping he had beeene a goed fellow, but, *non est inventus*, well, my stocke is spent, but with this terrible face, a buffe Jerkin, and a roaring basket hilt, *Gorgon* will have a tricke of wit to beare his owne charges: but here comes a Gentleman, to my postures now.

Enter *Gafaro*.

Gafp. I am resolv'd.

Gorg. Good your worship bestow a small peece of silver upon a poore souldier, new-come out of the Low-Countries, that have beeene in many hot services against the Spaniard, the French, and great Turke. I have beeene shot seven times thorow the body, my eyes blowne up with gun-powder, halfe my skull feare off with a Canon, and had my throat cut twice in the open field: good your worship take compassion upon the caterwaking fortunes of a forlorne Gentleman, that have lost the use of my veines: good your generous nature take compassion upon mee, I have but foure fingers and a thumbe upon one hand: can worke, and woon-not: one small peece of gratefull silver, to pay for my lodging, I beseech you venerable sir.

Gafp. Canst not see?

Gorg. Onely a little glimmering, sir, the beames of your gentility have radiated, and infused light into my poore lanternes, sir.

Gafp. Can you seele then?

Gorg. Oh, sir, that faculty alone, fortune and nature have left inviolated.

Gafp. Heres somewhat for thee.
What, can you see now?

He kickes him, and Gorgon opens his eyes.

Gorg. *Gafaro*, is it you? Pox on your benevolence.

Gafp. Whence came this project of wit?

Gor. From the old predicament. Faith, necessity that has no Law, put mee into this habit: my Master is turn'd coward, and ran away from me.

Gasp. And thou art turn'd Souldier, to fight with him when you meet agen: then thou wantest a Master? harke sirra, what sayest thou to another project?

Gorg. Oh, I could caper for't.

Gasp. I am now leaving the world, and going into the Countrie, wooturne Gipsie, or Shepheard? I am for the woods, canst Madrigals yet?

Gorg. *Phillis faire, doe not disdaine
The love of Coridon thy Swaine.*

Gasp. Excellent! weeble turne Shepheards presently, thou shalt bee *Phillis*, and Ile be *Coridon*: let mee alone to provide Russets, Crooke, and Tarbox: they say there's good hospitality in the Woods, and songs and pastimes upon *Silvanus* day.

Gorg. But that were pretty, shall I be a woman?

Gasp. By any meanes, thou hast a good face already, a little simpering will doe it, Ile accommodate thee early, keep thy owne counsell, and Ile warrant thee for a Maid-marian.

Gorg. Foote! shall I runne into my coates agen? goe to, put mee into what shape you will, Ile play my part: mee thinkes I doe feele an hundred rurall animals taking up my petticoat already.

Exeunt.

Enter Antonio, Bubulcus, and Hillaria.

Ant. Pray forward with your relation.

Bub. As I was saying, having challenged *Antonio* for the affront he did me before *Hillaria*, here by heaven, you must say nothing.

Hil. Not a syllable.

Bub. Hee did accept the challenge, and the weapons were soone agreed upon, and we met: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. You are not come to fighting yet your selfe, but by the way, what were your weapons?

Bub. A

Bub. A long sword.

Ant. 'Twas long ere you could remember it, me thinkes.

Bub. Soon as we came into the place appointed, we looked about, and saw all cleere.

Hil. As cleere as day on your side.

Bub. We drew, but not a word of fighting, by this hand.

Ant. Not by that hand.

Bub. We threw our dublets off, to shew wee had no coat of maile, or privie shirt upon us, against the lawes of duelling, in fine, I bid him say his prayers.

Ant. 'Twas well thought upon, and what did you?

Bub. I let 'em alone, for I knew I should kill him, and have time enough to say 'em afterwards at my leasure.

Hil. When he had prayed, what then?

Bub. When he had said his prayers, hee thought upon it, and let fall words tending to reconcilement: a my conscience, hee would have asked mee forgiuenesse, but I stood upon my honour, and would fight with him, and so wee stood upon our guard: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. Oh, by no meanes, but when did you fight?

Bub. Ile tell you, *Antonio* when he saw no remedy, but that I would needs fight with him, and so consequently kill him, made a desperate blow at my head, which I warded with my dagger, better than hee looked for, and in retурne, I cut off his left hand, whereat amazed and fainting, I nimblly seconded it, as you know I am very nimble, and run my rapier into his right thigh, two yards.

Hil. Then you were on both sides of him?

Ant. Your rapier, did you not say your weapons were long swords?

Bub. But mine was both a sword and rapier, there's it, but not a word of fighting, as you love mee: well, not to weary you with the narration of the innumerable wounds I gave him, I cut off every joyns from his toe upwards, to his middle, by these hilts, now you may beleive mee, there ended *Antonio* my rivall, judge, judge, now, whether *Bubulus*

be valiant or not, but not a word of fighting, as you love me,
let it dye,

Exit.

Ant. 'Twas very valiantly done.

Hil. Harke you, Sweet-heart, doe you not remember who
this is, that you have discovered this businesse to? this is
Selina his owne sister.

Bub. What a rogue was I, not to remember that?

Hil. Doe not you know that shee is my mother in Law?
nay, nay, plucke up a good heart, what will you doe? theres
no running away.

Bub. Have you never an empty cheft?

Hil. What, to hide your selfe? that I know you would not
doe for your credit: draw your sword, and stand upon your
guard, wee know you are valiant, that could kill *Antonio* so
bravely.

Bub. *Hillaria*, if ever you lov'd mee, oh, I have made a
faire peece of worke, would you not tell me it was his sister?
Oh, here they come.

He runs behinde Hillaria.

Enter *Antonio*, *Rufaldo*, and Officers.

Ant. He hath confessit it, sir, your Daughter heard it, sir,
I charge you lay hands upon that murtherer, hee hath slaine
my brother *Antonio*.

Ruf. Did you heare him confessit it?

Bub. Heres right, confessit and be hang'd now.

Hil. I must confessit I did.

Ruf. *Bubulcus* kill *Antonio*?

Bub. By this hand I doe not know how to deny it for my
credit.

Ruf. Nay then lay hands on him.

Bub. Yes Father, *Rufaldo*, *Selina*, Oh, a plague of all
coxcombes, what a rogue was I?

Ant. I will have Justice, away with him.

Bub. I am a lying rascall by this hand.

Ant. VVee must require *Antonio* from you, sir, or your
blood answer his, Away with him, *Hillaria*.

Bub.

Bub. Ile bee hang'd then, Father. *Hillaria*, will you see
me hang'd?

Ruf. There is no remedy: would thou hadst kild his sister;
I am plagued wi: h her, and dare not speake it for shame, Ile
doe whar I can to get a Repriese for you; nay, and you kill
folkes, you must eene take your fortune.

Bub. A curse of all ill fortune, I kild nobedy.

Ant. Away, I say, out villaine, hence, for I
Doe heare my brothers blood for justice cry.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Infortunio, Selina, and Felice.

Infor. I doe not know this place, nor who you are,
Nor know I yet my selfe.

Sil. *Infortunio?*

Infor. That name I once did answer to, but then
I was not banisht to a wildernesse,
Nor slept on such a bed. Oh, if I be
He, whom you call *Infortunio*,
Tell me how I came hither, doft thou weeps?
I prethee tell me, boy, why doe those teares
Drowne thy faire cheekes? but that they will not shew
Manly in me, I de force my eyes to weepe too,
And we would sit upon a banke, and play
Drop-teare, till one were bank-rout. You amaze me:
I aske how I came hither? answer me
With other language, if you doe not meane
I came by water, which you might expresse too
In words as well, nay, better, for you now
Are cruell to your selves, and murder me:
Tell me, or I shall be mad.

Sel. Oh, stay: that brought *Infortunio* hither,
You have now told your selfe, distraction brought you.

Infor.

Infor. Ha distraction ? now you increase my wonder :
 Was I mad, or doe not you by answering,
 Study to make me so ? why should I be mad,
 Or being so, how came I well againe ?
 For if I dreame not, I am well and calme.

Sel. You owe this Shepheardeſſe for your restore,
 Whose ſkill heaven made ſo happy.

Infor. Did you, faire Shepheardeſſe, restore me then,
 And by your Art recover natures loſſe ?
 All my well-being's yours : but yet if you
 Could ſo Physician-like cure the disease
 Which is but the effect of ſome diſtemper,
 You then ſhould know the cauſe : for elſe you are
 Uncertaine in your applications.
 Pray tell mee then, why was I mad ?

Sel. This lad can tell you that, better than I,
 But if his ſorrow will not let his tongue
 Deliver it, Ile tell you ſir ; you were in love.

Infor. With whom, I pray ?

Fel. One whom they call *Selina*.

Infor. Ha, *Selina* ? in what a depth of blacke forgetfulneſſe
 Is *Infortunio* fallen into ? *Selina*,
 Could I forget *Selina* ? oh Shepheardeſſe,
 I was not mad till now : for can I be
 My ſelfe, and forget her ? oh, in this queſtion
 I am undone : for I doe hold my ſelfe
 And all my understanding by her name,
 I am a begger, ſhe hath purchas'd all,
 Nor am I master of one thought of comfort
 I borrow not from her : what curse was falne
 Upon my memory, to forget *Selina* ?

Sel. Sir, you remember her too well, unleſſe
 She would deſerve it better.

Infor. It is not in her power to deſerve, boy,
 For ſhe is now beholding for her ſelfe
 Unto another. Oh, this teares my ſoule,
 You did not well to reſeafe me from my furieſſe,

And

And make me sensible againe of that
Was my first corrosive, it was unfriendly :
Oh, twas a happinesse to be mad, starke mad,
For she being lost, what have I else to lose ?
I was all hers, I gave my selfe away :
And deeds of gift should hold.

Sel. Why should you be so passionate ? let once reason so
late recovered, teach you love your selfe, reserv'd for nobler
fortune.

Infor. It is true, I am a very foole in doing so,
And will you be a Mistris then, and teach me
How to forget my selfe ? what saist boy ?
Shall I be Shepheard too ? I will live here
And have thy company, thou art like my Love,
Shall we Shepheardesse ?

Fel. With all my heart.

Infor. Come let's sit downe a while, nature hath spred
Her Carpets for us here, this is the lowest,
And yet 'tis higher than a Palace : pray
Teach me your Shepheards life, now I doe long
To be a wood-man too, and you shall doe
A double cure upon me.

Enter Gaspere and Gorgon disguised.

Gasp. Stay, yonder are some Shepheards, lets on this bank
sit downe and prattle. And how long ist, since your Sweet-
heart forsooke you ?

Gorg. It will be a quarter of a yeere next grasse.

Gasp. Alas, poore *Mopsa*, but come, put him out of thy
minde, sing him away.

Gorg. Laugh, and sing him to his grave, shall I ?

Gasp. And never love him more.

Gorg. Oh no, his love like a canker hath eat such a great
hole into my heart, I cannot forget him, but Ile sing a song
of him. *Gorgon sings a song, all this while.*

Gasp. Prethee doe.

Gasp. *gospereyes Felice.*

Infor. Heres innoeence of all sides, who would live
Out of this Common-wealth, where honest Swaines

Are Lords and subjects? Here is no acquaintance
 With craft and falsehood, all their soules are clad
 In true simplicite: I will take a truce
 With care a while to talke with this poore wench.
Mopsa I heard you nam'd, pray tell me,
 Were you in love?

Gorg. Yes forsooth.

Infor. With whom, forsooth?

Gorg. With a Gentleman that has prov'd unkinde, forsooth,
 broken his vowes, and oathes, forsooth, hee made
 much of me, time was, before his father dyed, forsooth, who
 was a good Yeoman, then he kist mee, forsooth, and coll'd
 surreverence, but now hee scornes *Mopsa*: I was his equall
 once, and have danced with him upon our Church greene in
 a Morris ere now.

Infor. Alas, alas, has forsaken thee?

Gorg. He is now about to commit makrimoniall busynesse
 with a young girle I wifse.

Gasp. 'Tis she. Ile have a tricke to know it.
 Blessings on you Shepheardesse,
 Yet by this hand, you are no lesse,
 You were in love with a faire man,
 Crost by a father, began
 This Shepheards life, and rufset weed,
 Is it not the truth, I reed? ha, ha.

Fel. Sir, are you a Fortune-teller?

Gasp. No, I am foole, and yet I know
 Something, though you thinke not so.

Fel. Doe you see all this here?

Gasp. That and more in this table
 Lies your story: 'tis no fable,
 Not a line within your hand,
 But I easily understand:
 Your line of life is faire, hard by
 Ascends that of prosperity,
 But broken in the mid' st to th' Mount
 Of *Saturne* here, which ill we count.

Ha, Triangle and Mercuriall line ?
But *Venus* is no friend of thine.

Infor. How now, Palmistry ? beleevē him not.

Gasp. In your face your fate is wrote,
You lov'd a woman, she not you,
You know whether I say true,
Her name began with *S.* but shee,
Shall never be enjoyd by thee,
Shees married now to one that's old,
But very rich : your fortune's told.

Infor. Befrew me he has cunning.

Sel. Doe you beleevē him sir ?

Gorg. Beleevē him ? nay, you may beleevē him, he's abomination cunning man, he told mee my fortune as right as if he had beeue in my belly.

Shep. Does thy fortune lie in thy belly then, Sweet-heart ?

Gorg. Partly, sir, as other womens fortunes doe.

Gasp. Damsell, you have yet a fate
Will make you wonder more therat,
By collection, I dare prove,
That his name, whom you did love,
Began with *G.* but 'tis too true,
He hath slaine himselfe for you.

Felice faints.

Felice, come againe, doe not beleevē me, I told thee false, I did but triē to gaine a knowledge of thee : thy starres owe thee more happineſſe, *Felice*, looke up, see thy friend alive, I am *Gasparo*. Foot, I ha made faire worke.

Fel. Ha, 'tis *Gasparo*.

Gasp. Have I found thee, O wench, thou wert unjust,
Too much unjust, thus to absent thy selfe
From *Gasparo*, thy cruel fath're since
Hath wept enough to wash away his error.
Fates, I doe thanke you, for this bleſt direction.
But *Infortunio*, I am sorry now,
I read the truth of thy unſappineſſe,
It is too true, *Selina* is beyond

Your spheare of hope, pardon, worthy sir,
The shape I tooke, was not to mocke your fortunes,
But tri mine owne. And have I found the wench ?

Gorg. Oh, no, no, your suit is in vain, hands off, shepheards.

I. Shep. I will make thee amends and marry, prethee sweet
Mopsa, beautifuli *Mopsa*.

Gorg. Beauty ! I doe confesse I have reasonable beauty, for
blacke and white, for all other colours are but compounded
of them : but the truth is, I cannot so soone forget my old
love ; though he hath prov'd false unto me, *Mopsa* will prove
true unto him : oh, and it were not for shame, now I would
die for love.

Sel. Be not dejected, sir, you have a fate
Doth smile upon you, I have a little skill.
In that this Gentleman seem'd to have some knowledge,
I must needs crosse his judgement, and pronounce
You are more happy.

Let not ought your soule annoy,
You that Virgin shall enjoy,
That you first lov'd, who doth marie
To make your wishes fortunate,
And ere Sun twice declines to west,
You may be with marriage blest.

Gasp. The boy is mad.

Infor. Doe not undoe, sweet boy, the benefit
Thou hast already done mee, thou dost utter impossibilities.

Sel. Then with one Argument I can easily
Take off your wonders, looke on thy *Selina*,
That on the wedding morne forsooke *Enfaldo*,
Touch'd with a sense of thy indignities,
Thus to obscure me from all curious search
And inquisition, but not hoping ever
To be made thine, now if true love maintaine
The opinion you pretend, thus in your armes
I powre my selfe.

Infor. It is *Selina*. Oh, I am rent in peeces
With joy and wonder.

Gasp.

Gasp. Harke you, sir, doe not beleeve him.
Let not passion make you a mockery.

Is not *Selina* married to *Rufaldo*? then am I goose-giblet: I should have beeene at Church with 'em, but for a crotchet that I had in my pate all the morning: I spake with her father yesterday, and from his mouth I heard, *Selina* was very well, I thinke I doe not dreame, indeed now Icall to memory, hee said *Selina* was mist two or three houres ath' wedding morne; some figary, I know not what: and *Antonio*, as I supposed, gone in quest of her, not heard of since: but *Selina* is sure *Rufaldo* does wife, or some devill in her likenesse has abused them all with credulity. This is true sir, therefore be not easie, doe not deserve more pitty, this boy is mad, a juggling boy.

Sel. Shall I not be beleeeved then for my selfe? am I refus'd now?

Inf. It cannot be ske: troth boy, thy conceit tooke mee at first with much credulity: but here's our natures weake-nesse, apt to credit what we affect: were there not too much against it, thou mightst deceive me: oh no, *Infortunio* is given up, lost to all felicity.

Sel. Since then you put me, sir, to prove my selfe, let mee not be lost, I will not call you what I desire, nor name you sister: give me leave to find my selfe, I know not where I am yet: my brother *Antonio* gon? what fury hath assum'd *Selina*'s shape?

Gasp. Come, put on a mans spirit, *Mopsa*.

Gorg. Well, sir, in regard you are so *Exit cum Inf. & Fel.* importunate, although I have forsworn marriage, if you de-sist constant, you may chance to have a licke at my Mayden-head.

Exeunt.

Sel. I have it, my Brother's lost:
Ile send a shepheard in *Antonio*'s name,
To invite my father hither, and that Incubus.
I vow not to forsake these plaines, till I
Possesse my selfe, or be rejected quite,
Suspend thy passions then a while, *Selina*,

To morrow is the Shepheards holiday,
Which they solemnize with rurall pleasures,
'Twill draw them sooner : ha, are they gone ?
I will not leave 'em, with this thread I shall
Tread o're the Labyrinth, and discover all.

Exit.

Enter Cornelio.

Cor. Antonio slaine ? haplesse Cornelio,
My hopes were treasur'd up in him, the staffe
And comfort of my age, and is he gone ?

Enter Antonio, Hillaria, Rufaldo.

Hil. Hast sent for Bubulcus ?

Ant. I have,
Father, let not too much passion soyle that temper
Hath beene observ'd in old Cornelio.

Cor. Why, was not hee thy Brother ? canst thou think
Thou hast so little share in yong Antonio,
That thou darest speake of comfort ?

Ant. Sir, on my life Antonio is not dead.*Ruf.* No, no, 'tis impossible.

Ant. Bubulcus, on my soule's a very coward,
And durst as well attempt to take a prey
Out of a Tygers jawes, as see a fword
With patience bent against him.

Cor. But cowards in despaire prove desperate, and most
unhappy.

Ant. A my conscience I could beat him into a mousehole.

Ruf. Nay, I could beat him, and I am sure you can beat
me woo'd I were well rid of you : 'tis a double misery to bee
abus'd, and dare not speake out.

Enter Bubulcus, Officers.

Hil. Here's Bubulcus.

Bub. Not guilty, not guilty, and please your Worships,
let me not be hang'd for a lye of mine owne making : 'tis well
knowne I am a stinking coward : not guilty, I beseech you ;
I never drew fword in anger in my life : if you hang me, you
undoe me for ever.

Ant. Looke you, sir, 'tis cleare.

Ebb.

Bub. My conscience is as cleare as Crystall: not guilty my Lord, I beseech you —

Cor. Didst not thou kill Antonio then?

Bub. Let me be hang'd if I did.

Cor. Stay, he'le confesse.

Bub. I confesse I told a lye, thinking to have got some credit: but if ever I saw Antonio, since he gave mee two or three kicks, which I deserv'd well enough, broyle mee a'th coales. Mercy, oh mercy: doe not cast me away upon the Hang-man now, in the pride of my youth: not guilty my Lord.

Cor. Howsoever feare of death possesse him so, I see the murther in his eyes.

Bub. My eyes? woo'd they were out then: doe you see murther in my eyes? are my eyes blood-shot?

Cor. His very hand doth shew a guiltiness, looke how it trembles.

Bub. The feare of hanging hath put my whole body into palsey: my hands guilty? I can wash my hands cleane of it, I never kild a fly. By this hand, not guilty.

Enter a Shepheard hastily.

Shep. Which is Cornelio?

Ant. This: what's the matter? what mak's this shepherd here?

Cor. I am Cornelio: is it with me thou woo'dst?

Shep. If your name Cornelio be,
Contentment and felicitie
I bring you: I am sent from one
That doth call himselfe your sonne,
Tong Antonio, who thus low
Would beg your blessing, prayes that no
Affliction too much you dismay
For his absence, bade me say,
If you daine suspend your care,
A fewe houres, and repaire
Unto the place of Shepheards by,
To grace their pleasures with your eye,
Antonio will himselfe declare,
Faithfully what causes were

Of his absence, and require
These dolours with a fresh delight :
And so farewell. This is all :
Backe againe I bear them call.

Exit Shepheard.

Cor. Oh stay a while.

Ant. He's gone, sir : did I not tell you, *Antonio* was not dead? but this is strange.

Cor. Doe I not dreame?

Ant. *Antonio* among the Shepheards? if hee be there, I am drest Ifaith : By any meanes, goe sir.

Bub. Is *Antonio* alive againe?

Ruf. Yes verily, alive againe, let not the Hangman fright away your wits any longer.

Bub. I hope I shall choose my owne Gallowes then. *Hilaria*, you would not beleeve me : did I looke as I had kild any body? now I hope you will hold mee for an innocent hereafter.

Cor. *Bubulus*, pray' let us have your company,
It doth concerne your freedome. *Antonio* living?

Rufaldo, let us make a merry day on't,
If it be true. If? I doe sinne against
Discretion to distrust it. O my starres,
I doe acquit you all your injurie,
If you possesse me of *Antonio*.

Never did man to blisse more willing goe.

Bub. I am glad I am repriev'd: come *Hilaria*.

Ant. 'Twere pretty if *Antonio* bee multiplied : here's tricks indeed, I am resolv'd to see what will the end of this confusion be.

Exeunt.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. Never was *Jenkin* in such Wildernesse, her have walked and travelled creat deale of miles in these Woods: but her can finde no end nor evasions, looke you: her have read in Histories, and Relations, and Kernicles, very famous Knights, and prave Sentilmen of valours and shivalries, have beene enchaunted, looke you, in Castles and very strange dwellings, and Towers, and solitary places, now

now was have creat feares and suspicions, lest *Jenkin* was fallen into some wifheries and conjurations, and was inchaunted, blesse us awll in these Desarts and Wildernesses for her valours and magnanimities.

Enter *Jocarello*.

Joc. So ho,ho,Master *Jenkin*.

Jen. It is our Pages agen. *Jocarello*, where have you beene? you are very tilligent Poyes, to lose your Master thus.

Joc. I was lost my selfe, had not a Shepheard by chance found me, and carried mee into his house under the ground, where with a great many of Shepheardeſſes wee ſate up all night in making Garlands for ſome ſhew and paſtimes to bee done this day, whiſh they call their Festivall: pray', ſir, ſince we have run a wildgoſe chafe ſo long, let's ſtay one day to ſee theſe ſports and dancings.

Jen. Sports and dancings, ſay you? take pleasure and deleſtations in dancings? Very well, *Jenkin* was knew how to dance her ſelfe, was pred in awle ſentilmans qualities, looke you, her will make no peregrinations backe till awle be done, and it may be, was ſhake her legs in capers too, looke you now.

Enter *Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Bubulcus, Hillaria*.

Corn. Master *Jenkin*, you are well met in theſe parts, I perceive you are earely this morning, to partake the paſtimes of our Shepheards.

Jen. Good rayes and ſalutations, and cret deale of felicitieſ come to awle your urſhips.

Bub. Sir, my name is Master *Bubulcus*, and I am as good a Gentleman.

Jen. As who pray you? doe you make comparifons?

Bub. I doe embracie your familiarities, and remaine your trueſt worme.

Jen. Not too muſch wormes, nor familiarities pray you: ha Pages, here is *Selinae* in her owne apparels and vefiments, awle was very true as our Countrey-woman Echoes was make reports: *Selina* was gone backe agen: very well: Miftris *Selina's* was very full of joyes and exhillarations, to ſee you in theſe places, you knew how creatly and ardently *Jenkin* was taken with your beauties, and pul-

chritudes, cret while agoe : pray' when did you make returnes out of these woods ? *Jenkin* had knowledge, and saw you in your Shepheard apparels, and was make ambulations after you hither, out of meere amors and affections as her was true Sentilman.

Ant. I make returne out of these woods ? I entred them but now.

Jen. Well, you desire not to have things declared, and pu-
plished, her was keepe awle silences.

Ant. Upon my life you are mistaken quite in this, Master *Jenkin*.

Jen. Oh, pray you make not *Jenkin* ridicles, and derisions, looke you, shall heare no more of that matters, call you only to memories you promised loves to *Jenkin*, pray you in ma-
trimonies creat while agoe.

Ant. I deny not that, sir, but I know not why you have long neglected me, and I am now married to *Rufaldo*.

Jen. *Rufaldoes* ? hit is not possible.

Bub. Father he saies it is impossible *Selina* shold be your wife

Ruf. How, not my wife ? I would faine see that.

Jen. Is *Selina* your wifes in truths and verities pray you ?

Ruf. Doe you make question ? My wife ? I thinke there is some reason, she is my very deare wife, I will assure you sir.

Cor. He has got a boy by this time.

Ruf. A boy ? well, I have got something, a pox a your fingers. How faist ? is not something done Sweet-heart ?

Ant. Yes, in my conscience something is done.

Jen. *Jenkin* was never awle his dayes have such injuries and contumelies put upon her : was ever Sentilman thus abused ? have her made repetitions and genealogies of her plood, for no matrimonies ? *Jenkin* has peat the pushies, and *Rufaldoes* has get the pirds. Hum ! her love not to make quarrels and prabbles, but *Jenkin* could fight with any podies in the whole urld, awle weapons, from the long Pikes to the welsh-hooches, looke you now, no matrimonies ? her welsh-
blood is up, looke you.

Cor. Master *Bushelius*.

Jen.

Ien. Master Blew-pottles, have you any stomaks or appetites to have any plowes or knogs upon your costards looke you?

Bub. No great stomacke at this time, sir, I thankeyou: alas, I have 'em every day, they are no novelties with me.

Cor. Come, Master *Jenkin*, I now perceive you lov'd my daughter, if you had acquainted me in time, I should not have beene unwilling to have cald you sonne, but since 'tis too late, let your wisedome checke impatience: I know you are of a noble temper, howsoever passion may a little cloud your vertues, lets be all friends I pray.

Jen. Here is very cood honest words, yes, looke you, *Jenkin* is in awle amities and friendships, but — — —

Cor. Oh, no more shooting at that but: harke, I heare the shepheards musick, and voice too, lets sit down I pray, *Antonio* keep thy word.

Musick. Enter Shepheards and Shepheardeſſes with garlands.

S O N G .

*Wood-men Shepheards come away,
This is Pans great holy-day,
Throw off cares,
With your heaven aspiring aires
Helps us to sing
While valleyes with your Eccboes ring.*

2

*Nymphes that dwell within these groves,
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
gather poesies,
Cowne your golden baire with Roses,
As you passe
Foote like Fayries on the grasse.*

3

*Joy drowne our bowers, Philomel,
Leave of Tereus rape to sell,
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian Lire did once,
Mountaines play,
This is the Shepheards boliday.*

The Schoole of Complement.

Dance. The song ended, Enter a maske of Satyres &c. and dance.
Enter a Shepheardesse with a white rod.

1. Shep. Post hence Satyres and give way,
For fairer soules to grace the day,
And this presence, whip the aire
With new ravishings, hence with care,
By the forelocke bold Time fast,
Lest occasion slip too fast
A way from us, joyes here distill.
Pleasures all your bosomes fill.

Exit

Enter Infortunio, Selina, Gaspardo, Felice,
Gorgon, Shepheard. They dance.

Sel. Faire Nymph, vouchsafe the honor to dance with me.

Ant. Troth, sir, I cannot dance.

Sel. We know you are Selina.

Infor. Your hand, fairest.

1. Shep. Disdaine not, gentle sir.

Ien. Pible pables, with awle her hearts, looke you.

Gorg. Noble sir.

Bub. Faire Lady, at your service.

Gasp. I will not change.

Fel. Nor I.

Cor. Which is Antonio?

One measure.

Dance.

Ruf. It will breake out anon.

Sel. You are a theefe.

Ant. Ha?

Sel. You have robd Selina.

Ant. Then Ile make restitution, what are you?

Sel. Antonio.

Ant. The Devill you are! faith, deale honestly with mee,
and Ile be true to thee: who art?

Sel. I am Selina by my hopes of heaven.

Ant. Ha, sister then!

Sel. I have no brother but Antonio.

Ant. And I am he. Oh happinesse!

Sel. If thou beest Antonio, what made thee assume my
habit?

Ant. Of

Ant. Of that anon. Lives *Infortunio*?

Sel. Hees here, and with him *Gaspardo* and my sister the lost *Felice*.

Ant. I am ravisht with this wonder.

Sel. Keepe your face constant: the Musick calls. *Dance.*

Cor. Ha, what meanes this?

Ant. *Selina*.

Fel. Your blessing, sir, we are your children.

Cor. Who's this?

Sel. I am *Selina*, sir.

Ant. And I am *Antonio*.

Cor. Amazement: thou *Antonio*? he *Selina*?

Ruf. Ha, how's this, my wife become a man? I confess she plaid the man with me.

Cor. But who is this?

Fel. I am *Felice* sir, your long lost Daughter, Found out by *Gaspardo*, unto whom my vowes In heaven were long since sacred, and I beg Once more he may be mine.

Sel. As I to be possest

By *Infortunio* here.

Cor. Stay children, stay: take heed, you doe not know What strength of joy my fainting age can beare: You fall in too full shoures, like swelling Nile These comforts will exceed the narrow bankes Of my poore frailty: rise, enjoy your wishes, And my blessings be multiplyed upon you. Ha!

Rufaldo, here's *Felice* my lost Girle,

Take her, take her, *Gaspardo*. *Selina*,

Art not thou *Rufaldo*'s wife?

Ant. No, sir, I ventured that, he knowes me well, *Hillaria* and I were bedfellowes, at his request.

Bub. How? *Hillaria* and you bedfellowes? I'de laugh at that

Ruf. I am abus'd, disgrac'd, undone.

Cor. Nay, *Rufaldo*.

Bub. Why then it seemes you were *Antonio*, that I kild so, and you have as a man should say, line with *Hillaria* beforehād

The Schoole of Complement.

Ant. I am not behind hand.

Bub. Nay, and you have tickled her before and behind, tickle her all over for *Bubulus*.

Im. Harke you, is there another *Selina's* ? blesse us awle, here is very prave love-trickes, looke you.

Ruf. Blessing on him: why he hath made Stockfish on me, he has beaten away all my inclination to give my blessing.

Cor. Come, upon recollection, you must make it a bargaine: they have, it seemes, bought and sold already, 'tis past recovery, he shall be worthy of her.

Hil. Sir, that you may with more alacrity let fall your blessings: know our bloods are pure, *Antonio* and your Daughter are as chaste from any sinfull act, as when wee were first mantled after birth.

Ruf. Ha, saist so?

Ant. 'Twas none of my fault, I am sure.

Ruf. Then my blessings to you: come, y're both my children.

Bub. How?

Cor. Amen, and mine: Why I am rapt beyond my selfe with joyes. *Infortunis*, Fate hath effected that I beg'd of heaven in many prayers for you, oh my blisses.

Bub. So, so, I am guld, my house taken o're my head?

Gorg. Sir, you know who I am, I am yet walking *Terra incognita*, I have a great minde to *Bubulus*, you know what I have suffered for him, and so forth.

Gasp. Let me alone, so, so: then pleasures runne with a streme upon us, but if wee shall make a full day on't, here's one more to meet with her match, this poore Virgin hath beeene long in love with *Bubulus*: troth, fir, looke upon her at length pitifully complaining: alas good soule, bee honest at length: prethee doe, and marry her, you know what has past betweene you, 'tis a handsome wench.

Bub. Umh, I doe remember she was in love with mee, and so was twenty more: what's that to me? Alas, would you have me descend so low?

Gorg. Oh, fir, you sung another song in my Mothers Dairy,

Dairy, when we sate up all night together, and had a facke posset.

All.

Bub. I doe remember such a thing, but what's that? Ile take't upon me.

Gorg. I beseech you, Gentlemen, speake for me, for I will have him, I am ashamed to shew my reasons.

Bub. Very small ones: away you durtly queane.

Inf. What, has he got thee with childe?

Gorg. More than that, sir.

Fel. Has he had any Bastards?

Gorg. Indeed Mistresse, Ile tell you; hee hath begot three children of my body.

Inf. Fie upon't, no lesse than three bastards.

Bub. How? nay, she lyeth falsly, I got but two, so many I will acknowledge, because they shall not doubt my sufficiency, had I any more than two? speake you lying whore.

Gaff. Sir, I tender your credit, there is but two wayes, either you must marry her, or give her a piece of mony, that's the easiest way, she is poore: for your reputation—

Bub. What doe you thinke will content the whore?

Ies. Harke you, best for you, make some satisfactions to this Sentilwoman, or *Senkin* was learne you more honesties and behaviours towards these umans, warrant you master blew pottles.

Gaff. A matter of twenty or thirty peeces, you can spare them.

Bub. You Strumper, here's twenty peeces for you: doe you heare? keepe well the boyes then: but you shall sweare, before these Gentlemen, you will never claime mariage: there, be an honest woman hereafter.

Gorg. Yes, beare witnesse, Gentlemen, I doe accept his wise benevolence, and will never trouble him with mariage— while *Gorgon* lives.

All. *Gorgon*?

Gorg. Your servant, and your pardons: nay, *Gorgon* has had his devices and vagabunduloes as well as the best on ye: give you all joy, I wish you wit, sir.

Bub.

Bub. I am foold of all sides, was I borne a foole?

All. Ha, ha.

Ien. Stay you, Master double colours, there be more fools in the businesse as your selfe: well *Ienkin*, were even best make shurneyes back into her owne countries, and never put credits or conferences in any womans in the whole wrld: they all lie and coozen, and make derisions out awle measures.

Inf. Nay, nay, Gentlemen, let's all together,
Wee'lle drowne all discontents this day with wine,
Let's take up all our Fates then, and proclaime
This day new Festivals in *Hymens* name.

Bub. Stay a little, and Ile along with you. Since I have mist my wench, Ile aske these Gentlemens good wills to a second match, in stead of an Epilogue,

Courteous Spectators, and kinde Gentlemen.—

Gor. Why, how now? what, are you mad? will you speake the Epilogue? though you have plaid a foole in the Play, you will not shew your selfe an Ass before all this company. The Epilogue? I hope I am the wiser ath'two, and the better read in complement.

Indicious Gentlemen.—

Ien. Harke you, Master double-colours, and you Goody *Gorgons*, here is one wiser, Asses you both to pronounce the Epilogues, warrant you, and one, that knawes—
to speake in as good English, Gentlemen, now sans Complement.

*Our Love-trickes have beeene shewne, and we attend
To know if your acceptance eroyne the end,
The world is full of trickes, but it will be
A tricke worth all, to have some plaudite
To rheiſe of love. If then contentment dwelle
On you, we ſhall conclude, our Play ſhowes well,
Whicſ we did Love-trickes call, that we might prove
It was a tricke of ours to gaine your love.*

Exeunt omnes.

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